

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Hoover's Golden Torch to Thaw Frozen Assets

SMASHING AT THE INCUBUS of hard times with all the power of his great office, Herbert Hoover sends a wave of hope and confidence surging across this depression-cursed country and into every corner of the civilized world.

Here at last, it seems, is a way out.

Here is the President of the American people taking a proper leadership by telling them how to begin to rid themselves of the evil which has thrown millions out of work, closed hundreds of banks and factories, and shattered the hopes of an untold host.

Here is Herbert Hoover with a definite plan—Hoover, the engineer; the man who fed Belgium and so won the confidence of his own country as a great administrator.

Such are the phrases echoed by wire and cable from observers who comment on this new scheme, and some such note of relief—that something is being done—is felt in the first reaction to the Hoover plan, which was dropt egglike from a shell of silence and secrecy into the full view of the country, on the morning of October 7.

Release the frozen assets of this country by raising a \$500,000,000 fund among private bankers—that is the core of the far-reaching proposal to which the President is rallying the nation.

The President's plan, we are told by the *New York Times*, is simply to "mobilize the banking resources of the country in a common defense against the unjustified loss of public confidence that has lately produced runs on sound banks, hoarding of currency, and reckless liquidation of securities."

SUMMONING leading Senators and Representatives of both parties to "the most important conference since the war"—so urgent was the summons that airplanes were made ready to bring in the conferees—the President called the group into the Lincoln study of the White House, and for three hours explained his plan to lead this country, and the world, out of the slough.

And when he had finished and gone to bed, after midnight, while a small army of reporters waited to snatch the mimeographed copies of his statement rushed out by clerks, he had the promise of full support from both parties.

"My country first, my party second," said Representative Garner, Democratic floor leader of the House, in pledging his cooperation.

The main points of the President's program, which he aimed

at the "unjustified apprehension" and "foolish alarm" in some sections of the country, are summarized by Theodore C. Wallen, Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*:

"1. Mobilization through voluntary action of private bankers of a \$500,000,000 fund to rediscount frozen assets not now eligible for rediscount at the Federal Reserve Banks.

"2. Cooperation of bankers in the various districts of the country to make advances on assets of closed banks to speed liquidation proceedings.

"3. Formation of committees of bankers in each reserve district to work with the New York group, already consulted, in carrying out the above-mentioned activities.

"4. Congressional action to broaden the authority of the Federal Reserve Banks in rediscounting paper.

"5. The creation, if necessary, of a finance corporation like the War Finance Corporation, with a fund to support credit. This is taken to be alternative to adequate voluntary action by private bankers.

"6. Congressional action to subscribe further capital stock to the Federal Land Banks to strengthen their resources for the benefit of farmers.

"7. Discussion with Pierre Laval, Premier of France, of the necessity of further readjustment of international debt relations during the period of the depression.

"8. Mobilization of public sentiment in behalf of unity of action and national stability."

"THE prolongation of the depression," said the President in

his statement, "by the succession of events in Europe, affecting as they have both commodity and security prices, has produced in some localities in the United States an apprehension wholly unjustified in view of the thousandfold resources we have for meeting any demand." Then:

"Foolish alarm in these sections has been accompanied by wholly unjustifiable withdrawals of currency from banks.

"Such action results in limiting the ability of the banks in these localities to extend credit to business men and farmers for the normal conduct of business, but beyond this, to be prepared to meet the possibility of unreasoning demands of depositors the banks are compelled to place their assets in liquid form by sales of securities and restriction of credit so as to enable them to meet unnecessary and unjustified drains. This affects the conduct of banking further afield.

"It is unnecessary to specify the unfortunate consequences of such a situation in the districts affected, both in its further effect on national prices of agricultural products, upon securities, and upon the normal conduct of business and employment of labor. It is a deflatory factor and a definite impediment to agricultural and business recovery.



The Paradox of It

—Fisher in the Portland "Oregon Journal."

"There is no justification for any such situation in view of the strength of our banking system and the strong position of our Federal Reserve system.

"Our difficulty is a diffusion of resources, and the primary need is to mobilize them in such a way as to restore in a number of localities the confidence of the banker in his ability to continue normal business, and to dispel any conceivable doubt in the minds of those who do business with him."

THEN the President outlined his plan, revealing, incidentally, that \$150,000,000 of the proposed \$500,000,000 fund has been pledged by the New York Clearing House Association.



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Time to Rebuild That Bridge

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

"The times call for unity of action on the part of our people," said Mr. Hoover in his conclusion—

"We have met with great difficulties not of our own making. It requires determination to overcome these difficulties, and above all to restore and maintain confidence. Our people owe it not only to themselves, and in their own interest, but they can by such an example of stability and purpose give hope and confidence in our own country and to the rest of the world."

AND the President's program for unshackling frozen assets "struck a generally optimistic response," as a survey made by the United Press shows:

"The American Bankers Association, composed of the foremost bankers of the land, passed unanimously a resolution of approval, and thereby assured the nation that the Hoover plan would have their aid.

"Wall Street viewed it as helpful.

"Charles G. Dawes, American Ambassador to London, and known throughout the financial world for his Chicago banking connections and work on the Dawes Reparations Plan, gave the program his hearty support.

"From Great Britain came word that one of its prominent financiers viewed the plan as beneficial, not alone to the United States but to a stagnating world.

"In Germany, the reaction was almost entirely favorable.

"One note of dissent came from an American international banker, now abroad, who maintained that the Hoover program would institute an unsound policy of bolstering banks which had come to trouble through unwise financing methods."

The frozen assets which are to be released, we are told by the Washington correspondent of the United Press, are "assets

other than cash which become temporarily valueless because there is no market for the securities behind them." And among such frozen assets, he goes on, are notes secured by mortgages on real estate, notes secured by collateral such as stock certificates, bonds of corporations or foreign governments, and stocks not listed on stock exchanges.

As for the editorial comment on the President's plan, most of it seems to be favorable and much of it highly laudatory.

"President Hoover has taken a step of the utmost significance," declares the *Boston Transcript* (Ind. Rep.), adding that his plan "promises sound relief."

"The President has assumed leadership in the effort to bring about a marshaling of constructive forces," remarks the *Washington Evening Star* (Ind.), and the *Springfield Union* (Rep.) says "that his proposals have been wisely conceived is evident from the immediate change of sentiment in both the commodity and security markets." "The President's plan to improve the banking situation was urgently needed; it seems well thought out and practical," thinks the *Cincinnati Times-Star* (Rep.).

And this from the Democratic *Richmond News-Leader*:

"Mr. Hoover has broken the jam. There may be more wreckage and there may be mistakes of direction farther downstream, but in the essential matter of affording new credits for threatened industry, Mr. Hoover has blasted the logs that caused the jam."

JOINING the chorus of praise, the *Chicago Daily News* (Ind.) characterizes the President's action as "non-partizan leadership of the highest type." "It is obvious that the removal of the restraints on credit will stimulate industry, enlarge the productive activity of the country, and absorb much of unemployed labor," says the *Brooklyn Times* (Ind. Rep.).

Altho unwilling to pass unqualified judgment on the proposal, the *Birmingham News* (Ind. Dem.) remarks "the fact that leaders of both parties in Congress summoned to the conference have approved the President's proposal should inspire a certain amount of public confidence in its salutary effect."

The plan "should be of tremendous benefit," in the opinion of the *St. Louis Star* (Ind.), and the *New York Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.) points out that "the mere proposal may lessen fear and loosen assets."

That "the Federal Government has stepped in to prevent a national banking crisis," asserts the *Washington Daily News* (Ind.), "is one of the most reassuring facts that has come out of the depression." But while saying that "it should revive hope in the discouraged business community," this paper believes that "the remedy must go beyond an improvement in the technical banking situation."

President Hoover's program "deserves approval and support," says Josephus Daniels of the *Raleigh News and Observer* (Dem.), but "conditions are so serious," he adds, that Mr. Hoover should call a special session of Congress by the first of November to change provisions of the Federal Reserve Law and "to pass on the moratorium he proposed last June."

To the *Baltimore Evening Sun* (Ind. Dem.), the President's program "looks like inflation," and the *Milwaukee Journal* also entertains doubts:

"It means a centralization at one step that has been feared and vigorously opposed. It means the breaking down of the normal course of private enterprise and of the normal checks on the use of public money, since government credit is to be available for activities directed by unofficial heads of private enterprise.

"None of these things ought we to like: they are repugnant to our ideas of government and business.

"But our President and leaders of our Congress say that the emergency demands them. It is going to help banks all over the country, and that is good for us all. The process of deflation must go on, but if a check has been given to the talk that 'there is no bottom to the depression,' the effect will be good."

Where Morrow's Death Leaves His Party

HEWAS "the smallest man in the Senate chamber, being just a trifle over five feet. Sartorially he was a total loss, his clothes, like his shock of hair, were always rumpled."

He took little or no part in the debates which stir the Upper House of our National Congress, and, we are assured, "he never introduced a bill."

Yet it is safe to say, continues Edward T. Folliard in the *Washington Post*, that President Hoover regarded Dwight Whitney Morrow, Senator from New Jersey, "as the most valuable Republican on Capitol Hill. The President frequently summoned him to the White House to get his views on pending problems, particularly those of an international nature. He was a house guest of the President before the latter made his audacious proposal for a one-year moratorium on war debts and reparations."

Senator Morrow's sudden death on October 5 (in his sleep and while apparently in the best of health) came to the American public as a stunning shock. "Men with blanched faces

spoke of the news as meaning a national calamity," says the *New York Times*. "They could think of no man, unless it were the President of the United States, whose instant striking down by the hand of death could have caused such universal sorrow and regret."

Senator Morrow who, beginning as a poor boy of good family, had carved out a notable career by his own efforts, in a manner particularly dear to Americans, had won distinction as financier, diplomat, and statesman. His death robs President Hoover of a probable running-mate next year, and the Republican party of their possible Presidential candidate in 1936. His passing also removes the chief "rallying point" of wet Republicans.

It has almost been forgotten now, "but it was a Democratic President—Woodrow Wilson—who first made use of Dwight Morrow's superb talents," Mr. Folliard reminds us as he continues his sketch in *The Post*:

"The War President appointed him to an Allied board, whose task it was to see that ships were made available for speeding men and supplies to Europe.

"Altho as a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan Morrow was well known in financial circles, it was not until Calvin Coolidge [his Amherst classmate] began drafting him for various tasks that his name became a head-line fixture. Coolidge first used him to settle the row between Gen. Billy Mitchell and high Army officials. Out of this came the recommendations of the so-called Morrow Board, recommendations that resulted in aviation divisions being established in three government departments.

"That was in 1925. Two years later, President Coolidge appointed him Ambassador to Mexico, and in Mexico City the one-time Morgan partner achieved what was perhaps his greatest

triumph—the settlement of the oil land and religious controversies. It was his intimate manner of dealing with President Calles in these matters that led people to say that Morrow had created a new school known as 'button-hole diplomacy.'

"He pursued this same type of diplomacy when he went to represent the United States at the London Naval Conference."

SENATOR MORROW'S death "means a recasting of some of the most important of political plans for next year, just as it removes

from the inner White House circle a man leaned upon more heavily than any other outside the Cabinet in dealing with pressing international problems," J. F. Essary tells us, treating the political aspects in the *Baltimore Sun*. We read:

"On the purely political end Senator Morrow's death makes it necessary for the Hoover political group to turn elsewhere in the East for a Vice-Presidential candidate, to Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of Porto Rico, or some other outstanding figure.

"Altho it is true that Mr. Morrow had not consented to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination — and many of his closest friends felt that it

would have been a grave mistake for him to do so—the Hoover group firmly believed that when the time should come he would yield.

"The strategy of such a nomination was obvious to all observers.

"Mr. Morrow was an Easterner and a wet, it was argued. As a former member of J. P. Morgan & Company, Morrow, it was argued further, would go far toward keeping in line certain powerful business interests that now are distrustful of the President.

"Immediately after Mr. Morrow's notable speech opening his Senatorial campaign, in which he came out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and a return of the liquor question to the States, there was a major movement within his party to nominate him for the Presidency in 1932. It gained in strength following his overwhelming election to the Senate.

"But the movement collapsed when Mr. Morrow, returning from a trip abroad some weeks after his election, announced that he was out of the Presidential equation, and would support President Hoover for reelection. That announcement enormously endeared the Jerseyan to the White House group, made him more available than ever as a Vice-Presidential candidate, and set him up in the minds of many Republicans as the heir apparent to Mr. Hoover in 1936."

Senator Morrow was "an old-fashioned American liberal," says Forrest Davis in a summation in the *New York World-Telegram*. He "deplored the greed of certain bankers, industrialists, merchants, condemned the so-called Coolidge bull market, and declared for a more intelligent division of income." He said once to a famous banker, according to Mr. Davis's account, "It seems to me that you are all constructively drunk. In a little while you will all have a very realistic morning after. You bankers ought to stop this orgy before it goes too far."



International

"That Sort of American Who Makes Our Country Great"

Thus President Hoover epitomized the career of Senator Morrow, shown here with Mrs. Morrow and his son-in-law and daughter, Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. The Lindberghs were touring the Orient in their airplane when the Senator died. They were informed of their loss by the cabled message: "Daddy died peacefully. Don't hurry home."

The First Hop Over the Pacific

OUT ON THE ICE-GLAZED WINGS Clyde Pangborn climbed.

The icy air over the Gulf of Alaska almost froze the fingers of the American aviator.

He tied up the dangling rods of the landing gear to the single-motored, 425-horse-powered, red Bellanca monoplane in which he and Hugh Herndon, Jr., were attempting their non-stop flight from Japan to this country.

Landing-wheels had been dropt 300 miles out from Samushiro Beach.

The plane had been loaded with 915 gallons of gasoline, 45 gallons of oil, emergency rations for a month—a total weight of 9,000 pounds, which the flyers, in their story released by the North American Newspaper Alliance, estimate to have been a record load per wing area.

At Wenatchee, Washington, on October 5, that plane landed on her specially armored "belly," tipped over on her nose, settled back, skidded roughly, nosed up, and finally, according to the reporters, came to a standstill with a shattered propeller.

Two grimy flyers emerged, Herndon dabbing at a cut on his forehead—a casualty of the "fishtail landing"—and both of them were in stocking feet!

"You don't even look tired!" exclaimed Pangborn's mother, with tears in her eyes; but it was apparent to the reporters that neither of them had much sleep in the 41 hours and 13 minutes of their 4,458-statute-mile hop—the first successful non-stop transpacific flight.

DESPITE the friction generated between these airmen and Japanese government officials, representatives of the Tokyo

paper *Asahi* presented the triumphant aviators with a draft for \$25,000—a prize offered for the first successful non-stop flight between Japan and the United States.

Their luck had changed at last. Here is the log of trials and tribulations that have beset Herndon and Pangborn since they left New York, July 28, as summarized by the Associated Press:

July 28—Hopped off on proposed world flight.

July 31—Landed at Moscow seventeen hours behind Post-Gatty time.

August 1—Landed at Omsk, Siberia.

August 3—Forced to end quest of round-the-world record at Khabarovsk, Siberia, because of damaged wing.

August 5—Announced plans for non-stop flight from Tokyo to Seattle.

August 8—Plane seized by Japanese Government and flyers arrested for flying over fortified area and taking photographs without permit.

August 15—New York headquarters cabled \$2,050 to pay fine imposed by Japanese court, and additional funds to overhaul plane.

October 3—Hopped off for the United States from Samushiro Beach, near Tokyo.

October 5—Landed at Wenatchee, Washington.

THE Baltimore *Sun* heaves a heavy sigh of relief. The *Sun* does not encourage spectacular hops. It characterizes

this latest jaunt as "a reckless piece of business." The *Sun* hopes it may discourage others, since "the luster of novelty has been rubbed off, and the big prize has been captured." The New York *Times* attaches more significance to the venture.

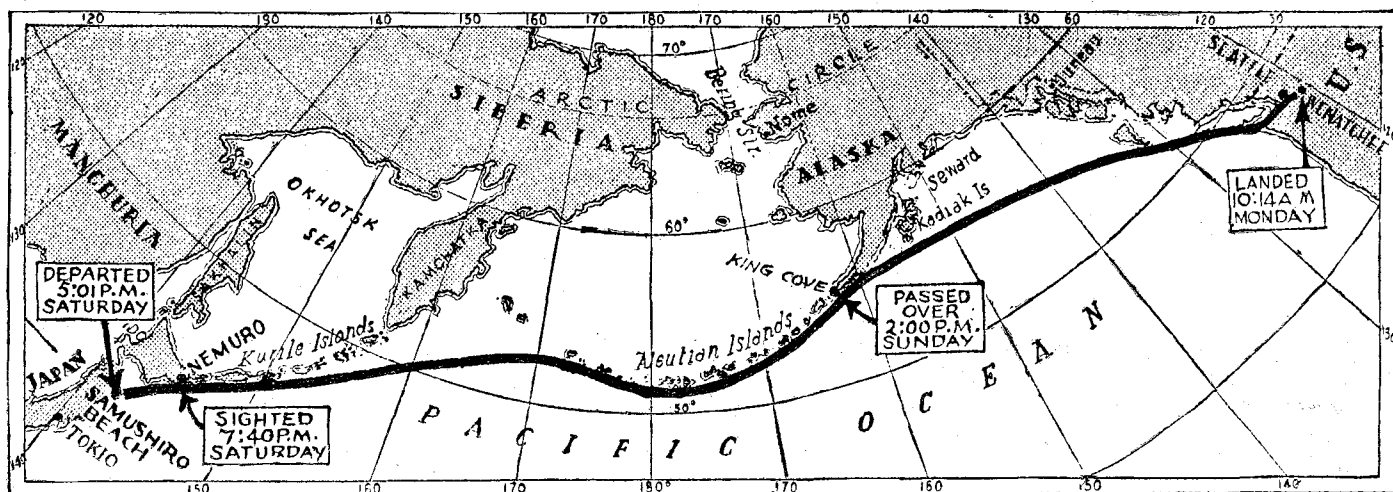
"With one conquest of the Pacific after another by aviators it may be practicable for the United States to develop Wake Island and Guam as stopping-places for an ocean airway between California and the Philippines. With better acquaintance the Pacific may turn out to be less hazardous than the Atlantic."



Wide World photograph

"Good Luck for Us at Last!"

Clyde Pangborn (left) and Hugh Herndon, Jr. (right) called themselves the "hard luck boys" in Japan; but now they are victors of the first non-stop transpacific flight.



From the New York Herald Tribune

From Samushiro to Wenatchee Without a Stop

The route of the Herndon-Pangborn flight, recorded in Eastern Standard time.



International

Coll, Indicted as "Baby Killer" (on the reader's right), and Members of His Gang

Luxury Habits Torturing Lean Pocketbooks

PROSPERITY TASTES persist despite depression pocketbooks.

Luxury habits resent the discipline dictated by falling incomes and cut wages.

"If the consumer is getting a bad bargain, it is because he won't adjust his taste to a depression market."

That is how it looks to a Brooklyn butcher, when he was asked by a representative of *The Eagle* why, with wholesale meat prices down 30 to 50 per cent. below their 1929 levels, retail prices have been cut only from 10 to 25 per cent.

"Women will no longer buy the cheap and moderately priced cuts of meat," this Brooklyn butcher answered. "They only want expensive cuts, and I must get those cuts for them at a high price in the wholesale market. I used to be able to buy an entire carcass and get an even profit from all the cuts. To-day I can't sell some cuts at any price."

The equilibrium of the American family has been upset, our newspapers admit, tho they vary in their diagnoses and proposed remedies. Some call upon the great American public to tighten its belt; while others point out the menace of hoarding and the imperative necessity of buying while prices are low.

But first of all, just what changes have occurred in the buying power of the American family since the advent of the depression?

This question is answered in data released by Ethelbert Stewart, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, in an analysis of the living costs of the average workman in manufacturing industries. As reported in the press, Mr. Stewart points out that from December, 1925, to June, 1931:

"Wholesale prices of all commodities fell approximately 35 per cent., and the decline in food prices, both wholesale and retail, was almost as great.

"But during the same period, the cost of living of the workingman's family, made up of many other items besides food, fell only about 15 per cent.; and still more significant to the workingman, the total amount disbursed in wages in manufacturing industries dropt almost 40 per cent."

WHILE food costs have decreased 28.5 per cent. during this six-year period, and while they make up the largest single item in the family budget, this authority points out that food represents only about 38 per cent. of the total cost of living. As a whole, Mr. Stewart claims, the total has not decreased like the cost of food. In terms of wholesale prices, the value of the dollar has increased 48 cents, but, according to the analysis of the labor statistician, in terms of the total cost of living this amounts to only 18 cents:

"As the number of dollars which workers in the manufacturing industries had to spend shrank by some 40 per cent., the workers suffered more from declining pay-rolls than they gained from

lowered prices on the things they had to buy, their net loss being roughly 30 per cent."

To the *Washington Post*, it is quite clear that prosperity tastes must be disciplined down to depression levels:

"The sooner industry reorients itself to that new level and the people accept the changed order of values the sooner will the country be ready to go ahead into a new era of prosperity."

Rounding Up New York's "Baby Killers"

A MAN WEARING A PURPLE BATHROBE stepped into the hotel corridor.

Four other "guests," husky fellows, marched out of the room opposite, and confronted him.

"Hello, boys," he said. "I suppose you want to talk with me."

They did. For two months they had been seeking that interview. A few minutes later they had him at Police Headquarters, booked on a charge of murder.

Thus Vincent Coll, "baby-faced and ruthless twenty-one-year-old gunman," as he is described by the *New York Herald Tribune*, was seized in a New York hotel more than two months after the crime of which he is accused—the killing of five-year-old Michael Vengalli and the wounding of four other children as they were playing in an East Side street.

New York flamed in wrath over this gang outbreak, and called for a war of extermination on gunmen. The children were shot down, as told in our issue of August 15, when gangsters in an automobile sprayed the street with pistol bullets and shotgun slugs in attempting to assassinate a member of a rival "mob." For weeks the police carried on an intensive hunt for Coll, who, it now appears, had disguised himself by dyeing his hair black, growing a mustache, and wearing horn-rimmed spectacles.

When caught, the gang leader joked about his disguise, we read, and even complimented the detectives who captured him. In his pockets they found forty-six \$100 bills. Another man and two women also were seized with him, and a few hours later the police raided the gang hangout in the country, a cottage near Troy, New York, arresting three men and two women after an exchange of shots.

"The round-up was a good job," said Police Commissioner Mulrooney, "and clears up one of the hardest cases we have had in years."

Praising the police for their persistence, the *New York Sun* says:

"Dogged does it, particularly in police work; for their efforts in the Harlem case the police concerned deserve public commendation."

To Trim the Claws of Wall Street Bears

AS DANGEROUS AN ATTACK on property as setting fire to another person's house.

"Unconstitutional and an economic peril.

"It has done more than any one thing in America to bring about the period of depression."

Short selling in the stock market is the object of this denunciation, and the man wielding the club is James W. Gerard, our former Ambassador to Germany. As he defines it, short selling is nothing more than "gambling that a certain stock will go down," and he hopes to stop the practise through passage of a bill he will submit to the New York legislature.

By no means is Mr. Gerard carrying on a lone fight against the mysterious and powerful bear raiders of Wall Street. Many public men and editors demand that something be done about this "evil." The board of directors of the United States Chamber of Commerce joins in with a recommendation to limit short selling of stocks and bonds.

And from Washington comes word that Congress is likely to act at the coming session, probably by authorizing an investigation of short selling, and possibly even going so far as to bring the stock exchange under a Federal agency.

With the eyes of the depression-ridden country fixt on Wall Street as a barometer, and with stock prices being hammered almost into the ground, many observers assert that we can not hope to get out of the slough until the market is freed of the bears' grip.

But there is a vigorous defense against these attacks, voiced by Richard Whitney, President of the New York stock exchange, and by various editors. Short-sellers serve a most useful purpose, we are told, by acting as a check on runaway bull markets, and by providing a "cushion" for tumbling stocks. Without short selling, we read, the bulls would skyrocket prices to fantastic heights, and terrific crashes would be inevitable.

TURNING again to the bear hunters' side, press accounts tell us that the object of Mr. Gerard's bill is to curb short selling by forbidding brokers to lend shares without the written consent of the owner. Such a provision would not entirely eliminate short selling, but it would, if adopted now, he says, send stocks up ten points overnight. Agreeing with Mr. Gerard, some observers point to the stock advances registered when the exchange temporarily forbade short selling when Britain went off the gold standard.

It is a bit startling when Mr. Gerard says the present practise is to "use a man's stock which he has bought in the hope of a rise, to impair its own value." And this is how it works, as he explains in an interview with the *New York World-Telegram*:

"Let us suppose Mr. Jones, of Oklahoma, goes into a branch brokerage and buys a stock on margin.

"That is as legitimate a transaction as buying a house and putting a mortgage on it. It is bought for his account, and held for him.

"By the laws of the State of New York even 3 per cent. margin put up makes it his property.

"If the broker hypothecates it or lends it without consent of the customer, he can be thrown into Ludlow Street jail. For that reason at the time Mr. Jones makes his purchase the broker

either gets him to give general permission to hypothecate or lend, or serve notice that he claims the right to borrow on it or to loan it.

"The next act opens. Mr. Robinson, of Boston, a well-known short-seller, through spies he has in many offices, learns there is a quantity of the stock held in various brokerage offices on slim margin. He sells it short without owning any.

"By the rules of the stock exchange, when a man sells stock, he must deliver actual certificates the next day. So the short-seller, either directly or through the 'loan crowd,' goes to the broker who has bought for Mr. Jones, of Oklahoma, and borrows the stock to make delivery. The result is that the stock Mr. Jones bought with the hope of a rise is used as a club against him. This is the practise the bill would stop."

But for another side of the story listen for a moment to the president of the stock exchange. He says:

"If the practise of selling something which one does not own at the time but which one can readily obtain later on is to be held illegitimate per se, it would not be sufficient to change a few stock exchange rules. We should have to revolutionize the financial, commercial and industrial laws of the whole country.

"The rôle of the short-seller as a cause of declining security prices is usually exaggerated in bear markets. The actual cause of declining prices is a general wish on the part of security holders to sell, coupled with a general unwillingness on the part of investors and speculators to buy. The principal result of short selling is to hasten a price decline inevitable for other reasons.

"The owner of securities should not in his own interest disregard the very real services which the short-seller performs for him. As far as short selling acts as a brake on price inflation the investor is prevented from purchasing stocks at exaggerated prices, and later on incurring losses upon them.

"Many people seem to forget that it is impossible to sell stock unless some one is willing to buy it. To prohibit or artificially curtail short selling would only render the market more liable to severe price declines. This is one reason why all the great stock exchanges of the world have always permitted short selling."

PREDICTING that Congress will adopt resolutions authorizing an investigation of short selling, Senator James E. Watson, Republican leader, says that "the whole commercial and industrial world seems to be under the spell of the stock market, and New York City seems to be dazed by the result of these transactions."

Short selling is "a conspiracy against values," asserts Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst press, who calls the practise "harmful to the general public and the stock exchange."

But "if the bears remain bridled, shall the bulls stay free?" asks the *Newark Evening News*:

"It is difficult to see a difference in betting that prices will rise, taking a chance on the margin that rise may provide; and it is even more difficult to understand the sort of thinking which condemns the shorts because prices have declined since 1929 without condemning also the speculators for a rise which, before October of that year, outran intrinsic values and made possible the toboggan slide."

Abuses there may be, but "under normal conditions," says the *Chicago Daily News*, "the operations of the short-seller clearly furnish a valuable safeguard against reckless and harmful inflation of security prices."



Blocking the Path

—Karig in the Newark "News."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

SAY, whatever became of Wall and Easy Streets?—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times*.

THE new wine brick, we understand, provides its own plastering.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

SLENDERNESS is going out of fashion. Not, however, for pocketbooks.—*Boston Transcript*.

AND the girls seem to be getting their revenge for those collegiate hats the boys wore a year or two ago.—*Judge*.

THE trouble with a lot of going concerns is that they are gone before you have a chance to collect from them.—*Jackson News*.

WE have a hunch that maybe Prosperity is hanging around that corner for a date with Posterity.—*Boston Herald*.

Is there a silver lining back of Great Britain's decision on the gold standard?—*Christian Science Monitor*.

So MacDonald sacrificed himself to save England. These Scots will save, no matter what the cost.—*Brooklyn Times*.

As a general thing, when a young man is in love he thinks nothing is good enough for her except himself.—*Dallas News*.

WALTER S. GIFFORD advises every one to buy, which will be all right if he doesn't insist upon their paying.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*.

FROM the length of time it is taking prosperity to turn the corner it is hard to tell whether it is skidding or just kidding.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

ON the screen, the masterful lover has everything his own way. But in real life somebody generally ups and marries him.—*San Diego Union*.

SOON Santa Claus will be in the picture, the one man with a scheme for solving the woes of the people who does not want to be President.—*Wichita Eagle*.

A NEW YORK bank cashier has disappeared. It is thought he may be evading arrest by going about disguised as a gangster.—*Life*.

"AUSTRIA to Ship Swallows South Aboard Planes." Canada used to do it, too, but they can haul more on trucks.—*Ohio State Journal*.

ALTHO most of the country's great men are said to come from the farm, no surplus of this product is presently apparent.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

A WESTERN educator declares the college student doesn't need direction so much as a kick in the pants. Still, why not face the young man in the way he should go and let him have both?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

DRESS designers are threatening to bring back the bustle. Maybe a little more bustle in business would bring that back too.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger*.

WE judge that it was rather hard for the President to get the Legion boys to concentrate on the ship of state when their minds were on schooners.—*Boston Herald*.

UNDER-SECRETARY CASTLE believes we can laugh ourselves out of the depression. Practising what he preaches, he tells us a good one about how the debt moratorium started this world-wide business revival.—*The New Yorker*.

"THE great wall of China," says an informative note, "is the greatest structure built by man, in respect to the volume of material used." This seems almost an unfair reflection on our first Wickersham report.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

It takes a lot of pluck for a woman to keep her eyebrows in shape.—*Louisville Times*.

WHERE'S all that work Satan is supposed to find for idle hands to do?—*Arkansas Gazette*.

It seems that the only boom that can be had now is the kind you fall down and go.—*Thomaston Times*.

WHAT, too, about plowing under a so-called popular song after every third singing?—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THE reason the old West got results was because it suspended the bad man instead of the sentence.—*Brooklyn Times*.

THIS is an ideal time for the return of the saloon. Most of the corners formerly occupied by banks are now available.—*Judge*.

WHICH way was prosperity headed, that time it was reported just around the corner?—*Arkansas Gazette*.

It's safer to guess it is the approaching driver's headlight nearest to you that is out.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald*.

THERE are those who predict that the pound sterling will find a good substitute for gold in Britain's mettle.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

LATEST invention seems to be wage-saving machinery that throws thousands of dollars out of circulation.—*New York Evening Journal*.

Now that Great Britain is off the gold standard, the pound, we take it, will gradually decline to the value of all other sterling securities.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

MANY merchants these days are said to be of the opinion that present descendants of the early settlers don't take after their ancestors in that respect.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*.

If we understand the experts correctly, rigid economy is the process by which we cut down expenses so that we can produce more cheaply and easily the things we've got too many of already.—*Boston Herald*.

WE have nothing official on the next war, if any, except that possibly for a time there will be no wheatless days.—*Detroit News*.

A COLLEGE professor says that civilization will last for 40,000 years. That's nice. And—er, when will it begin?—*Thomaston Times*.

MANY plans are proposed for relieving Europe, but the favorite plan of all is that which proposes that Americans shall pay Europe's debts.—*Washington Post*.

WE have a sneaking idea that the great powers will be willing to get together when they are convinced that they can't get more separately.—*Boston Herald*.

AN author says there was more money in fiction five years ago than there is to-day. But at the same time there was more fiction in money.—*Louisville Times*.

"THE rarest stamp known," writes a collector, "is the early American Colonial." Another one seldom seen is the stamp which a writer says he is enclosing for reply.—*Life*.

ELEVEN million women in the United States are said to be gainfully employed. Woman's place is in the home—especially on the evenings when she brings her pay check.—*Detroit News*.

To western eyes it seems strange that China and Japan should fall to fighting over a railroad. In this enlightened country, owning a railroad is the worst thing that could happen to anybody except striking oil.—*The New Yorker*.



A Modern Japanese Print
—Herblock in the Chicago "Daily News."

FOREIGN COMMENT

The Amazing Rise of Pierre Laval

THE MOST FAMOUS MAYOR Aubervilliers ever had is being talked about more than ever in the thriving manufacturing town of about 40,000 in the region north of Paris.

His home-town admirers remember the story of his career, which parallels the well-known legend in American life of "from canal boy to President."

The "boat" Laval drove as a boy was a one-horse omnibus from the station of the town where his father kept an inn and general store. The horse knew the road so well that his driver could let the lines lie on the dashboard while he puzzled his way laboriously through some Greek or Latin text-book.

One day he had as a lone passenger a priest who took note of young Laval's scholarly ambitions, and put him in the way of pursuing them. Later, while earning his living as a tutor, he studied law and was at length admitted to the bar. His great capacity for work and tenacity of will carried him along stride by stride to the mayoralty of Aubervilliers, which office he still holds, and then to his election as deputy in May, 1914.

At forty-seven, this self-made French statesman from Auvergne, a section of France that produces men of great driving power and thrift, is the stocky Premier with thick hair always awry, who presents the appearance of force at the service of great ambition with "one of those remarkable faces deriving a certain degree of grandeur from sheer ugliness, as was the case with the great novelist Balzac whom Laval resembles."

A Paris correspondent for the New York *Sun* gives a thumb-nail sketch of Laval's swift advance since he entered politics as a Socialist:

"He was first elected to Parliament in 1914, and has been twice a Cabinet member, the last time with the portfolio of Labor in the Tardieu Cabinet, where he showed his ability by applying the new social insurance law—a law that, it was admitted on all hands, was inapplicable.

"His Socialism has become tempered with moderation, and is now of the Briand brand.

"Laval married a wealthy woman and has a large fortune, as French fortunes go. He owns the principal newspaper in Auvergne, and several country estates, including a stock-breeding farm in Normandy."

AND through all his striving years a curious detail of his attire has been adherence to four-in-hand ties of white washable material. He adopted this style, it seems, in the lean years for economy's sake. Now that he is Premier, writes the Paris corre-

spondent of the *Journal de Genève*, he still remains faithful to this "regatta type of neckwear of twenty-five or thirty years ago," which attracts the attention of all who see it. The question is asked:

"Is it as the result of a vow that Mr. Laval thus sets himself apart from ordinary mortals?"

"Is this cravat a fetish, a talisman to which the head of our government attaches especial significance?"

"That is a minor mystery to which we have not the key. In any case, Mr. Laval's white cravat is already becoming legendary."

IN surveying Premier Laval's Parliamentary years this informant points out that when elected to the Chamber of Deputies in May, 1914, Laval was "a pronounced Socialist, which doubtless explains why he did not feel obliged to join the Army when the war broke out, altho he was only thirty-one." We read then:

"Deputies, of course, could choose between remaining in the Palais Bourbon or going to the trenches; some craftily had themselves assigned to safe posts behind the lines; a few really went to the front.

"He did not pass for a completely passive Socialist, and I well recall how much I was struck toward the end of the war by the rather enigmatic—I should not quite say violent—character of his Parliamentary utterances.

"In the elections of November, 1919, he was defeated. A year later the split in the Socialist party occurred, some members, including Marcel Cachin, forming a Communist party wholly subservient to Moscow, the others remaining Socialists as before. It seems that Mr. Laval could not decide which way to turn.

"Whatever one may think of this odd tale, it is at least

certain that from that time on Mr. Laval never attached himself to any party.

"He steered his course with unusual skill, and his political influence was not bounded by the department of the Seine.

"He came more or less to dominate certain provincial papers, especially in the Puy-de-Dôme. In 1924 he recovered his seat as a deputy. In April, 1925, he became Minister of Public Works in Painlevé's Cabinet.

"Toward the close of that same year he became keeper of the seals in Briand's government. And then, in 1929, Mr. Tardieu entrusted him with the portfolio of Labor. It should be noted that in 1927 Mr. Laval passed from the Chamber to the Senate."

HIS enemies in Parliament speak of him rather contemptuously as "a corridor worker," saying that he never formally addresses the Chamber except to read an announcement of the Ministry, the text of the Hoover proposal for a debt moratorium, and the French reply. His methods are successful, say these critics, "but they are petty."



Wide World photograph

The Dog's Name Is Jacky

And dogs can read men's thoughts, says France's enigmatic Premier, Pierre Laval, whose swift advance from bus driver to his present high station is described as political drama without parallel.

To the Premier's defense springs Edmond Wellhoff in the Paris *Vu*, who questions whether it is necessary to stand up behind a table in order to prove one's eloquence, and he goes on:

"I do not think so, and I admire the innovation of Premier Laval. He is in his seat as seldom as possible, and he is right. But when a question of grave moment is to be discussed, he is found as if by some stroke of magic in the midst of his colleagues of the Government."

Then, Mr. Wellhoff gives this picture of Premier Laval as an orator:

"An orator obtains his effects by his gestures as well as by his voice. At the outset Mr. Laval discards an ace. Voluntarily, he paralyzes one arm. During all his discourses his left hand remains fixed in the pocket of his coat. Only now his right hand is thrust out as if a projectile, and then his index finger seems to be picking out, one by one, those whose vote is in doubt."

AND his head, we are told, which "dominates the Assembly as a beacon light, continuously moves from left to right and his unchanging firm smile, revealing his teeth, shows, to some emotion, to others bitterness, to others still, satisfaction."

Turning from this picture of the Premier on the political field of battle, Mr. Wellhoff shows him at his ease at La Corbière, his country estate. Its buildings date from the fifteenth century, and the land is about 100 acres, mostly pasture, for Mr. Laval is a stock-breeder. Here he comes:

"At La Corbière Mr. Pierre Laval is transformed. He wears a Basque beret, heavy country brogues, and leggings, and always the white necktie."

WHEN asked by this contributor to *Vu* what he did all day long, at La Corbière, Mr. Laval replied:

"I take it easy. A countryman has no story. I can not tell you mine. I have come from the soil, and I return to the soil. I have no lessee farmer or part-owner. I run the farm myself. I give my orders to my farm workers. Often I telephone them from Paris: 'Is the buckwheat cut? How are the oats coming on?'"

"At La Corbière I look over everything myself. I see whether a cow is giving as much milk as I expect—whether a calf seems to be sick. All this creates a good deal of concern for me of a very different kind from that of my ordinary life. And such concern rests me, you see."

"I read very little. I walk a great deal. My colleagues do not telephone me except in cases of great necessity. But yet, at the end of each day, they keep me advised of what has gone on. That's how my time is passed at La Corbière."

By way of comparison of intelligence, Premier Laval told this interviewer that:

"No animal is so intelligent as a dog. A dog reads a man's thoughts."

"Horses are equally remarkable. They understand everything asked of them."

When it was suggested that the Premier perhaps believed all animals very intelligent, he answered:

"Oh, no. Take cows, for instance. I like cows very much. But there's nothing so absurd as a cow."

French Supremacy in German Eyes

THE KEY TO WORLD POLITICS, as Germans see it, is the dominance of France, not only on the Continent of Europe, but throughout the world.

The scepter waved by the Third French Republic, German editors declare, is recognized, not too willingly, perhaps, both by England and the United States. What is more, they add, Germany must follow the example of the Anglo-Saxon world and "kow-tow."

Seated on her throne of sacks of gold, declares the *Berliner Tageblatt*, France "feels herself mistress of the world." Yet the pound sterling was once supreme and head of the "former dynasty of money," this Berlin daily meditates, and goes on:

"Time was when nobody dreamed that the majesty and the might of the British pound sterling would fade out and away. Contemplation of such a turn of fortune may have a lesson to teach even the French, teach them with eloquence."

"Let us remember the courtier of Louis XIV who got news of the death of the grand monarch, Louis, the sun king."

"If the King himself can die, then indeed must we be prepared for anything, for there is no such thing any more as an impossibility."

In arms, also, France's stature is above the rest, is the disgruntled feeling of certain German organs. France equips the blacks more and more against the whites, charges the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which

describes her Colonial Empire as "a vast reservoir of black and yellow men." Yet, this newspaper points out:

"At the end of the World War there did indeed exist a peril for France. England might have returned to her traditional policy of combining with the defeated against the victors."

"That is why France clung so desperately to her demand for security when the Treaty of Versailles was framed, security to be guaranteed by the Anglo-Saxons."

"When this wish could not be realized, owing to the short-sightedness of Lloyd George—who, against Lord Curzon's advice, prest home the French victory over Germany—British diplomacy turned its back upon all its own traditions."

"The result was that England could not shake off the chains with which France held her."

"France did not throw off the mask until her British ally was sufficiently weakened, and until there was a prospect of a cordial understanding between London and Berlin."

"France then started her attack on the British pound."

THE more this Hamburg journal thinks about France, the more frightened it becomes, not only for Germany, but for England and the United States as well. At last words fail it apparently, for it calls upon the Basel *National Zeitung* to help warn the English and the Americans of the French peril. It quotes the Swiss paper as saying:

"The Paris idea is to win Germany over more and more to a policy of harmony with France, to the grand concept of a return to the ambition of Charlemagne."

"On no other basis is French gold to be obtained by Germany. Once France gets the security to which she attaches such importance, French gold will flow into Germany."



The Strangler

(A sample of German anti-French frenzy.)

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

Chile Settles Down to Business

A NATIONAL SIGH OF RELIEF greets the triumph of Dr. Juan Esteban Montero in the Presidential elections in Chile, which has been sorely tried by economic depression, the recent revolution, and the Navy mutiny that followed.

Strikingly novel in the situation is the fact that Dr. Montero, an eminent lawyer, never ran for office before, and never held office until last July, when he was invited into the Cabinet of the dictatorial President Ibanez who resigned at the end of that month.

Nearly six feet tall, stout, broad-shouldered, and slightly stooped, the outstanding characteristics of President Montero are his kindly, good-humored aspect and his politeness and consideration. He smiles a good deal, and some editors hope he will be able to keep on smiling in the face of his great responsibility in putting Chile on its feet again.

He has the backing of parties once antagonistic, the Conservatives and Radicals. So it is expected he will be able to organize a state government to carry on the work of reconstruction begun by the Civil Provisional Cabinet which replaced the Ibanez military group. Better things are expected by Chileans, particularly because ex-President Alessandri, who returned to Chile to run against Dr. Montero, patriotically asked his followers in advance to "recognize the results of the election."

That is the cheerful editorial opinion of the *Santiago Mercurio*, cabled specially to THE LITERARY DIGEST. Now Chile may resume its normal civic life after much unrest, says this organ owned by a millionaire Chilean, Agustin Edwards, who backed Alessandri, and it adds:

"The work yet to be accomplished is great. It will be necessary to readjust our institutional life and to reconstruct our economic life, developing our natural resources, and solving the unemployment problem. The mass of the citizens are disposed to cooperate patriotically."

OUT of a total registration of 378,524 votes the elections gave Dr. Montero, Conservative, 183,533 votes, ex-President Arturo Alessandri, Liberal-Left, 100,008, and the two Communist candidates split up the remainder. President Montero will soon assume office for the five-year term.

A cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the *Santiago Diario Ilustrado* reads in part:

"The task appears long and difficult. The economic problems are dreadful, social unrest being its first consequence.

"To reestablish the social equilibrium disrupted by the crisis it will be necessary to solve a considerable number of problems all made worse by the critical condition of the public finances and by the necessity of maintaining the exchange rate."

Much interest in the Chilean election, too, is evinced in cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Buenos Aires. *La Prensa*, for instance, declares that "the choice of the Chilean people proves they are anxious to return to constitutional normality in order to develop the activities of internal peace." And *El Mundo* says:

"Hitherto the world's attention has been given to the struggle of left-wing alarmists, leading even the optimists to grave fears for the future of Chile, where two forces and two currents of thought were in a deadly conflict. It was the common sense and deep vitality of the Chilean people which by a large majority ended this struggle."

Now India's Women "Demand"

FREEDOM FOR INDIA is not enough, it seems.

Mahatma Gandhi is already a bit out of date.

There are women back home in that country who would like Britain and the rest of the world to understand that the women of India demand freedom of their own particular brand, and the emancipation of both men and women from the trammels of "caste and class."

Even men among India's political chieftains recognize that the women are engaged in a "double fight—the fight for freedom of the country and the fight for the freedom of their sex." This is the slogan of a highly important leader, the ex-President of the Indian National Congress, Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, who has suffered more than one term of imprisonment in the Nationalist cause.

But he had hardly given it utterance at Ahmedabad in Western

India, better known as Gandhi's town, when an Indian woman leader, Srimati Durga Bai, as if by magic, appeared on the scene just one step ahead of him with another tocsin call. She was opening the Naujavan (youth) Conference at Erode in Southern India, and she shouted: "Down with caste and class."

In tearing off shackles, she told her audience, a clean job must be made, and all fetters must be removed from both men and women.

India is in the grip of three evils, this woman leader said, as quoted in the *Madras Swarajya*, and she charged:

"1. There is the powerful force of British domination fighting with all its might to keep our country (India) in its iron grip.

"2. There is the mighty power of the idle rich, the capitalist and the prince, crushing the life-blood of millions of innocent men and women in order to pamper their bloated bellies.

"3. There is the most insidious and the all-powerful force that enslaves the millions of India . . . the priestcraft that keeps human beings in slavery, in 'crystallized superstition,' in an unthinking, subhuman condition.

"We are particularly concerned with that devastating, worn-out institution, viz., caste. Our beloved nation is divided and subdivided, vertically and horizontally, as it were, by the innumerable divisions of caste and subcaste.

"The divisions of Hindu society into water-tight compartments into pigeonholes of caste and creed, we shall destroy. Hence, Comrades, 'Down with caste and class!'"

SRIMATI DURGA BAI's ideas relating to woman's emancipation are, if anything, more vigorous. She says:

"That law should discriminate between man and woman is scandalous. The legal and social injustices that crush the womanhood of India must all crumble in order to evolve the woman of the new age.

"A slavish womanhood is incompatible with the motherhood of a brave and enterprising nation.

"Most of the sufferings of Indian women are due to their entire financial dependence on men. They occupy the position of parasites.

"Our power of resistance against disease is awfully low. Without proper physique and health no service of the country is possible. The physical condition of women is heartrending."

Meanwhile a distinguished Indian feminist, Cornelia Sorabji, a so-called "opponent of Mahatma Gandhi," has come to the United States to lecture on Indian affairs. But Madame Sorabji, who is a lawyer by profession, denies that she is Gandhi's adversary. To the press on her arrival she declared:

"In regard to the gift of self-government which England is willing to give India, we differ. He wants it to be immediate; I want it to be progressive within the Empire."



Keystone photograph

Chile's Smiling President

Dr. Juan Esteban Montero's triumph at the polls gives him the heavy task of economic and civic rebuilding in Chile which recent events have deeply shaken.

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE / DRAMA / MUSIC / FINE-ARTS / EDUCATION / CULTURE

The Painter of the War

WHEN THE BRITISH IMPERIAL War Museum commissioned Sir William Orpen to commemorate the Peace Treaty, a surprise awaited them at the result. The artist was unperturbed.

Three canvases were to be produced, and one of them the painter called "The Unknown British Soldier in France."

Instead of the victorious chiefs appeared the coffin of the Unknown Soldier, flanked by two unclothed British Tommies wearing steel helmets and standing at parade rest against a background of the Hall of Mirrors of the Versailles Palace. Two cherubs guarded the coffin.

The War Museum would have none of it, and Sir William lost his £2,000 commission.

"The lesson conveyed is worth more than the money to me," he said. "The critics may rage."

This man, who died on September 29, was one of the two most famous painters of present-day England.

The other is Augustus John. And this is the expert opinion of one who ranks very near them—Sir John Lavery.

Sir John is of Scotch birth, Sir William of Irish, and Augustus John is English, so the trio that united the art of the British Isles is broken.

A glance at his portrait will fix him as a typical Irishman.

He had a broad sense of humor, and was quick at repartee. He was oversensitive, excessively generous, and famed widely for his gifts of money to less fortunate contemporaries.

Pompous sitters were not "suffered gladly," and he had a favorite saying, "I hate myself as I hate to-morrow."

He insisted upon ten sittings for a portrait. One of these had to be in the late forenoon, another in the afternoon.

He never sketched a sitter beforehand; always painted one eye in full detail at the first sitting, leaving the remainder of the canvas bare.

ORPEN was well known in America, his paintings having been in the Pittsburgh International Exhibition since 1910, when his "Myself and Venus" won first prize.

It was a peculiarity of his that he frequently included a portrait of himself on his canvases, after the manner of the Italians of the Renaissance.

The approaching Carnegie International Exhibition will contain three examples of his work, one of them being a portrait of George W. Crawford, Pittsburgh industrialist.

Sir William painted many pictures of the war which he later presented to the nation. His portraits of men, his pictures of scenes from Irish life, and of life at the Front are his guarantors for fame, says a discriminating notice in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The same paper thus surveys his career:

"William Newenham Montague Orpen was born at Stillorgan, County Dublin, and studied first at the Dublin School of Art, which he left for the Slade School, London, where his facility as a draftsman and painter was recognized at once.

"Early in the century he became an intimate of Sir Hugh Percy Lane, the noted Irish connoisseur and collector, who died in the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

"Sir William's early work bore a preoccupation with spacing and silhouette and the use of quiet harmonies of gray and brown,

with a note of vivid red and blue. Soon he turned to the use of bright colors.

"He became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1910, in the period when he attained prominence for his vigorously characterized portraits. Critics at the exhibition of his Versailles portraits said the paintings were so full of color and vitality that they seemed to flash messages across the floor to one another.

"Sir William never studied abroad.

"I spent a long time in the Prado in Madrid, soaking in Velasquez," he once said.

"The artist was knighted in 1918, and became a Royal Academician in the next year. He was president of the National Portrait Society, president of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, president of the Warwick



Keystone photograph

Sir William Orpen at Work

On a canvas, "Mother and Child," one of his favorite Irish subjects.

and Coventry Art Society, a member of the Beaux Arts, of Antwerp, and a member of the Academy of Arts and Letters of the United States."

AN unnamed American is said to have offered him £1,000,000 for painting three hundred portraits, but Sir William declined to take on a three-hundred-year job, his estimate of the time needed for fulfilling the contract. To resume with the *Herald Tribune* writer:

"Sir William, according to his own statement, was a man of unusual personal habits.

"He slept twelve hours a day.

"He started smoking when he was seven years old. Presently he had increased his daily consumption of cigarets to about seventy. He started cutting down in 1921, when he suffered nicotine poisoning.

"He ate four light meals daily, and walked from ten to fifteen miles a day.

"Sir William executed a series of brilliant portrait interiors as 'Hon. Percy Wyndham' and 'Myself and Venus,' which are now in a Pittsburgh gallery.

"Among his other drawings were 'Chef de l'Hotel Chatham,' 'Mr. Rich and Model,' 'Lady Orpen by Artificial Light,' 'Leading

the Life in the West,' 'The Fracture,' 'The Valuers,' 'The Wild Beast,' 'The Wash House,' 'The Blue Hat,' 'An Interior at 25 Park Lane,' 'The Jockey,' 'The Dead Ptarmigan,' 'The Irish Wedding,' 'The Mirror,' 'In the Wicklow Mountains,' 'Sowing the Seed,' 'Homage à Manet,' 'On the Irish Shore,' and 'The Café Royal.'

"Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, sat for a portrait by Sir William in Paris in 1924. The artist's portrait of President Wilson was bought five years ago by Bernard M. Baruch for \$13,000. It was one of the two original portraits of the war-time President. The other was by John Singer Sargent.

"British art patrons, mindful of the controversy with the Imperial War Museum over the war painting, prepared for another storm last spring when Sir William's 'Palm Sunday, A. D. 30' was exhibited at the Royal Academy, but its critics subsided quickly.

"The canvas showed a composition of Christ on a colt, with one kneeling figure and a group of three more in the background preparing to strew palms in His way.

"Viscountess Ellibank was quoted as saying: 'I just can't bear it,' and other observations, as 'a monstrosity suitable for Moscow' and 'childish and primitive' also were reported.

"The artist's only reply was: 'If people read their Bible, they will understand the picture.'

"Sir William's opinions were quoted widely in the United States. He thought the customary summer dress of men was ridiculous, and made a sketch for *The Daily Mail*, of London, showing what he considered a sensible hot-weather costume, tho' hardly suitable for Bond Street.' The sketch showed a man in sandals, large, floppy hat, a short, pleated skirt or kilt, and a short jacket, scarcely covering the shoulders and leaving the arms bare.

"He was known as a delightful companion. To his friends he was never 'Sir William,' but always 'Orp.'"

PERHAPS Sir William receives a more enthusiastic appreciation in America than in England, where he made his home. His works were "superficially brilliant rather than penetrating studies of life," says *The Morning Post* (London), reported specially to THE DIGEST by cable.

"He should be remembered by all he achieved at his prime, not by what he courageously tried to achieve when his powers failed at the last," is a charitable admonition of *The Daily Telegraph*.

More austere, the *London Times* says, "His was a talent that could break, but not bend."

Whistling as "Natural Music"

THE "moronic" whistlers have had their say; defended their brains and their right to whistle.

Their case is presented in the department of Personal Glimpses.

But in all the comment on Professor Shaw's deliverances, the "Nomad," columnist of the *Boston Transcript*, declares he has "seen nothing that went to the heart of the subject of whistling."

Here we find it:

"The human whistle, as well as the unstudied, spontaneous, untrained song of the person who has a tune in his head, is the only natural music in the world.

"It is the foundation of all other music.

"Did you ever think of the miracle, or at least the mysterious and wonderful gift of the ability of those who possess the sense of tune to produce accurately, by control of the muscles of the lips and mouth, each note of a tune?

"What does the whistling boy know about musical scales, intervals, or any part of the technique of producing a note?

"Think first of the care, the toil, the patience, the skill involved in keeping the piano, the violin, or any other sensitive musical instrument in exact tune, so that every note it produces shall be true. Think how the flute, or the clarinet, or the horn, must be most skilfully and carefully made in order that its notes shall vary not an imaginable distance from the proper thing.

"And then think of the ten-year-old boy driving his cows home from the pasture, and producing with his untrained, unconscious lips and tongue and palate, a tune in which every note is just and true!

"This boy has not the slightest idea how he gets these notes, and yet if his lips were contracted a millimeter more or less closely, his notes would be off the key and his tune a failure. How does he do it?"

Art Spoliation for Debts

THE GERMANS WERE ROUSED to a high pitch of fury over an alleged French proposal that works of art in the Fatherland be given as collateral for debts to France.

The proposal, as shown in an article in our issue for August 29, came, not from the French Government, but from a group of French art dealers.

Something of the same sort now emanates from Chicago with ourselves and England as the partners in a transaction that involves the Elgin marbles.

A whole kettle of international fish would be set simmering if the proposal were put into action, for Greece herself has long cherished the hope of regaining her lost treasures.

A certain tone of levity in the editorial in the *Chicago Tribune* leads one to think that the article is to be interpreted as a *jeu d'esprit*, but the *Boston Transcript* quotes it without comment. Here it is:

"Americans are assured that there is no possible way of continued repayments on the debts, because Americans will not take goods, and for their own goods should not take gold even if the debtor nations could ship it.

"This should be a warning hereafter when it is proposed that debts should be incurred.

"Neither the debtor nor the creditor took it into account either before or after the war. It appeared as an unavoidable truth only when the debt settlements had been arranged, a great part of the principal washed out, and an attempt made to collect what amounts to interest.

"Uncle Sam is a poor imitation of Shylock. He is already weakening under the persuasion of his debtors' economies, and something should be done to buck him up.

"The debtors have assets which could be transferred without economic disturbances.

"Great Britain, for instance, has the Elgin marbles. It is suggested now and then that they do not belong to Great Britain, but to the glories of ancient Greece, and should be restored to the land whose older people produced them. Nevertheless, they are in Great Britain, and are counted among its treasures.

"Shylock might take them on account. [If he gets them his name is Skylark.] Fortunately for the suggestion, Greece also is a debtor to the United States and, altho a delicate point may be raised by British retention of them, it would not be present in the American assumption of them.

"British possession sometimes is justified by the fact that Lord Elgin rescued them from the ravages of a Turkish war, and by lifting them to England saved them. Nevertheless, the Parthenon remains on its native hill, ravished by time, but now protected by man elsewhere than in England.

"It is an aristocratic pretension that it is dishonorable to obtain art treasures except by war, spoliation, ravishment, violence, or theft.

"Americans modestly say that they are democrats unworthy of such exalted sentiments. It does not offend their honor to buy things or take them in settlement of debts. They could take the Elgin marbles in part payment and not feel that their title was more clouded than is the present British claim to them."

HAVING found a good lead, the *Tribune* writer looks about for more fish for his net:

"Many other things in the British Museum and in the museums and galleries of Europe could be accepted as goods outside the economic law, which prevents repayment.

"The Louvre might yield many memoirs of great art, of intangible value in that they would not relieve the American taxpayer of the unpayable foreign debt, but of great and compensating worth.

"By picking up noble pieces here and there, and by taking in some of the foreign real estate, particularly in American waters, the United States might find many compensations even in the international economics which make debt payment impossible.

"The European nations should not abandon all hope for their honor as debtors until these possibilities of settlement have been considered. Let's not all despair."

Music Without a Break

NO LONGER WILL YOU HAVE TO SUFFER the break in emotional response to a long composition coming from the phonograph.

A single disk will carry you to the end of the piece.

There will be no scratching in the midst of harmonious sounds, no rising to turn the disk, even no pause for the automatic change made by the phonograph itself.

This long-playing record, so the press reports, "will solve the problem that has long been regarded as retarding the popularity of the phonograph as compared to other modern home-entertainment devices."

The new records are to be known as "Program Transcriptions," and are titled as complete "performances" in contradistinction to the ordinary records which reproduce only excerpts or portions of the musical composition.

Here is a description of the process of making the new disk:

"The long-playing feature is obtained by slowing down the turntable speed from 78 to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions per minute and by introducing almost double the number of grooves on the playing surface.

"The new disks are made of an exclusive new composition called Victrolac, which is semi-flexible, and will not break when dropt. The new material makes it practicable to place finer grooves, spaced closer together, on the record and actually reduces the surface noise from the needle to less than half of that evident on the ordinary record.

"The slower turntable speed essential in playing the new records is obtained by the use of a specially developed gear-shift arrangement which also permits the use of the 78 R. P. M. speed as well.

"This gear-shift mechanism, which was developed after painstaking experiment, is incorporated in the new phonograph-radio instruments. For the thousands who already have electric phonographs an inexpensive gear-shift arrangement for playing the new records, which any qualified radio service man can install, will soon be made available. These mechanisms, it is said, may be fitted to almost any of the modern phonograph instruments."

At a recent demonstration was heard the first composition to be recorded as a program transcription. This was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. We are told that—

"The superiority of the new records was made strikingly apparent when one of the speakers exhibited an album of four records recorded by the ordinary methods and then held up a single one of the new disks with a complete recording of the same composition.

"Thirty-four of the better known classical and semiclassical compositions have already been recorded by the new process, and recording engineers are now busy expanding this list. Also it is announced that arrangements have been completed

to record the complete musical score of the Broadway hit show, 'The Band Wagon,' as the first step in preserving similar performances for the many who could not ordinarily hear them.

"Two new long-playing needles will be used with the new program transcriptions, and with the ordinary records. Both of these needles are chromium plated and colored differently for identification.

"One will play approximately twenty-five of the new long-playing records, without replacement; the other will play approximately one hundred records of the ordinary type. They are not interchangeable. The use of chromium was decided upon after exhaustive research and test had determined it the best material to provide a fine point of unyielding hardness and yet which would not impair the playing surface of the records."

In the *New York Times*, Compton Pakenham reports that the National Gramophone Society of London will apply the subscrip-

tion idea to the issue of sets of records for which there is a demand not large enough to justify the ordinary gamble. He wonders if our producers "will give us a chance to show that whereas people here are apt to ignore a routine album repressed from two-year-old matrices from abroad, they will rise gladly to the right bait."

The Cover

WHATEVER the efforts paint may make, we turn to nature herself to find her still unrivaled, but the incentive to compete is unending. At this season we are finding plenty of stimulus:

The artist, Cullen Yates, N.A., whose colorful canvas of the Delaware Water Gap is reproduced on the cover of this week's *LITERARY DIGEST*, established his home some years ago on a hillside at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania, overlooking this lovely view.

When Mr. Yates first visited this locality, he was so delighted with its beauty and its inexhaustible motives for his work, that he decided to locate here permanently and secured the site to erect his studio bungalow. This artist, whose reputation is well established, has an exhilarating technique,

and his color tones are especially adapted to the upland country of the Pocono Mountains.

Its peaceful, verdant valleys, delightful trout brooks, and mountain lakes, never fail to provide inspiration for this deep lover of nature.

The region surrounding the Delaware Water Gap has stimulated Mr. Yates to create, from the various moods of nature, motives largely responsible in making him prominent in the world of art.

Cullen Yates is a member of the National Academy and various other art organizations. He has received many honors, and his work is represented in most of the important art collections.

Mr. Yates spends part of the summer season along the Maine coast at Ogunquit, where he has painted many canvases depicting the colorful rocks and the sea in its ever-changing moods.

But he is always happy to return early in the fall to Monroe County, Pennsylvania, in time to catch the brilliant autumn colors of the valley and mountain foliage.

His winter scenes of this region are also numbered among his outstanding canvases.



Stokowski Holding Beethoven's Fifth

The disk has the whole symphony on one face.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

New Episcopal Help for the Divorced

A GRAY-HAIRED BISHOP rose trembling to his feet. The light of battle was still in his eyes. He was making a last valiant stand for the Protestant Episcopal marriage canon which had stood the test for 123 years—not long short of the life of the Republic.

"I hope the House will defeat the whole canon now." But Bishop Reginald H. Weller, aged conservative of Fond du Lac, was voted down. Only eighteen others stood with him, as against seventy of the House of Bishops who voted for the new canon on marriage and divorce. In the House of Deputies it was carried by a *viva voce* vote.

Under the new canon, as before, the innocent party in a divorce for adultery may be married by an Episcopal minister, with the rites of the church.

But, in addition, those who have been married in contravention of the Episcopal laws may receive the church's blessing and be admitted to its sacraments, provided that the Bishop of the diocese in which the appeal arises is convinced of the worthiness of the applicant and gives a favorable ruling. If the petitioner is penitent and on the point of death, he may not be refused.

Here, then, is the loophole for those who have severed the marital tie for causes other than those specifically set down in the new canon, listed below, and who wish to preserve their ties with the Church. They may marry with a civil ceremony or with the ceremony of another church and yet be received back into the Episcopal fold.

Nominally, at least, the Episcopal Church preserves its historic stand against divorce.

It is not specifically recognized in the new canon, which reads that "any person whose former marriage has been annulled or dissolved by a civil court, and pronounced null by the Bishop, may be married by a minister of this church as if he had never previously been married." Ecclesiastical annulment is restricted, however, to nine grounds. None of these gives room for those who trip lightly to Paris or Reno for incompatibility or mental cruelty or other trumped-up cause.

Annulment, it should be noted, too, will not affect the legitimacy of children born of the wedlock annulled.

MODERN trends as they affect the marital relationship have harassed all the major Protestant communions, the Protestant Episcopal no less than others, and the new canon adopted by the fiftieth General Convention of the Episcopal Church, at Denver, is a compromise. The problem has been under the study of a commission for six years. The differences between the two Houses were composed by a joint commission, including Bishops William G. McDowell of Alabama, Irving P. Johnson of Colorado, and Herman Page of Michigan, chairman of the divorce commission, and the Rev. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of Trinity Church, New York; Origen S. Seymour of Long Island, and Prof. Joseph H. Beale of Harvard.

After providing that the minister shall obey the usual requirements in regard to marriage and instruct those who desire to marry and attempt reconciliation of estranged married persons, the new canon says, in Section V:

"No minister, knowingly after due inquiry, shall solemnize

the marriage of any person who has been or is the husband or the wife of any other person then living, from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage.

"Nor shall it be lawful for any member of this church to enter upon a marriage when either of the contracting parties is the husband or the wife of any other person then living from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage.

"But this canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery, provided that, before the application for such remarriage, a period of not less than one year shall have elapsed after the granting of such divorce; and that satisfactory evidence touching the facts in the case, including a copy of the court's decree and record, if practicable, with proof that the defendant was personally served or appeared in the action, be laid before the ecclesiastical authority, and such ecclesiastical authority, having taken legal advice thereon, shall have declared in writing that, in his judgment, the case of the applicant conforms to the requirements of this canon; and provided, further, that it shall be within the discretion of any minister to decline to solemnize any marriage."

IN regard to annulment, Section VI provides that "any person whose former marriage has been annulled or dissolved by a civil court may apply to the Bishop or to the ecclesiastical court, constituted by canon, of the diocese or missionary district of the said person's domicile, to have the said marriage declared null and void by reason of any of the following impediments to marriage."

The impediments listed are: consanguinity, lack of free consent of either party, mistake as to the identity of either party, mental deficiency of either party sufficient to prevent the exercise of intelligent choice, insanity of either party, failure of either party to have reached the age of puberty, impotence of

either party undisclosed to the other, social disease in either party, facts which would make the proposed marriage bigamous.

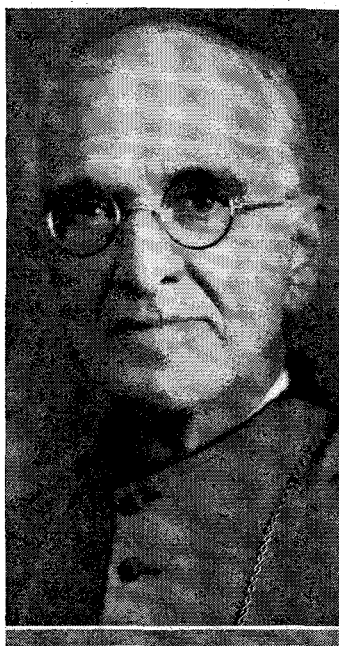
No judgment rendered by the Bishop or the ecclesiastical court "shall be construed as referring in any way to the legitimacy of children or the civil validity of the former relationship." If ecclesiastical annulment is granted after civil annulment or dissolution, the person applying "may be married by a minister of this church as if he had never previously been married."

Finally, we come to the "loophole," where it is provided, in Section VII, that any person who has been married by civil authority, or otherwise than as the Episcopal Church provides, may apply for communicant status. If the application is granted, a minister may bless the parties to such a union.

In the words of Bishop Herman Page of Michigan, chairman of the Episcopal commission on marriage and divorce, and advocate of the new canon, the blessing of the parties to remarriage "takes the Church out of the miserable business of trying to determine whether people have been rightly married or not. The service of blessing is not a service of marriage."

In effect, the new regulation embodies in the main the recommendations of the church's commission on divorce, referred to in these pages May 23 and July 18. It goes into effect January 1.

It is easy to minimize the importance of this "reform" in the light of the prevalence of divorce, observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "but the sanction of the Episcopal communion carries with it a special significance":



For the Old

Bishop Reginald H. Weller of Fond du Lac, who stood to the last for the old Protestant Episcopal canon on marriage.

"The long history of the church and its reverence for the *mores* of medieval Christianity, in which it is rooted, have made it the chief link of the Protestant world with the spiritual background of the race and its chief bulwark against social experimentation.

"Always it has championed the way of life sanctified by immemorial custom, against the constant pressure for change dictated by a changing environment, and has yielded, but grudgingly and by careful compromise only, as that pressure became overwhelming.

"In doing so it has helped immeasurably to preserve human society against the indignity of a too facile surrender to the importunities of the modern kaleidoscope; it has held it to an anchorage in the fundamentals, while very gradually letting out the rope.

"It has not departed in the present instance from this policy. It has simply recognized as in the past that its function is twofold: that it must not only resist the current but also, from time to time, ease the tension.

"Only by doing so can it continue to perform for the community the distinguished service we have outlined."

But in the opinion of *The Churchman*, liberal Episcopal weekly, the new canon is not much of an advance. Rather it represents the old controversy between legalism and righteousness, and *The Churchman* feels that an ingenious lawyer and a tolerant Bishop "could drive a Reno divorcee through some of these impediments."

The section which permits the Bishop to admit to the sacraments those who have been married otherwise than as the Episcopal Church provides is, says the New York weekly, a "tiny entering wedge of kindly inconsistency" which "need not be used by a conscientiously rigid Catholic to condone what he believes to be mortal sin. We suppose it must always be his 'godly judgment' that those who have remarried after divorce should be excluded from the sacraments of the church." Or the Bishop may use this section of the canon "chiefly in authorizing the blessing of unions invalidly authorized by judges, Methodists, or other agents who lack divine sanction, while the Liberal will greet it as a canonical means of receiving into full status those who have been divorced, both of which, by the way, Catholic and Liberal have been doing for some time."

However, the matter has been started, and *The Churchman* thinks that "perhaps we have taken a step forward, even though we may have done little more than to get a respectable hearing for the modern point of view, and to prevent that leap into the middle ages which one party of the church threatened."

More satisfied, apparently, with the result, *The Living Church*, organ of the Anglo-Catholic wing of the Episcopal Church, thinks the new canon "distinctly superior both to the old one and to the one proposed by the commission on marriage. Its inclusion of specific impediments to marriage, with provision for annulment by the Bishop or ecclesiastical court, is a valuable feature, though it does not actually add anything new to the church's practise. That the minister must give some instruction to the applicants for marriage, and its requirement that the parties to be married must give three days' notice of their intention," says the *Living Church*, "are new and should be effective in reducing the number of hasty and ill-considered marriages within the church."

Those who oppose the "liberalized" canon "evidently fear that there will be laxity," comments the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*. "If the provisions on annulment are strictly interpreted there will be none, neither will there be any very startling liberalization."

Filthy Films in England

THE FACE ON THE BENCH was calm and sympathetic as the sordid and pathetic procession of petty wrongdoers passed by.

But it was like loosing a dammed-up stream when the London magistrate talked to his interviewer on the motion-picture industry. It seems that in England, too, there is a bitter complaint against filth on the screen.

It was in the private room of the Southwestern Police Court that Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, a well-known magistrate of the big city on the Thames, let loose his anger against the films in a talk with a correspondent of the London *Methodist Times*.

"We are living in an era of dirt," he began, "and the 'pictures' exploit it and thrive on it."

"You have only to recall the sort of stuff with which the film producers are flooding the world to see that this is so.

"The highest idea of romance is infidelity.

"Marital loyalty is the hall-mark of imbecility.

"The husband who trusts his wife is a half-wit; and the wife who trusts her husband deserves to be deceived, and is an object for hilarity.

"And seduction is the normal initiation into society.

"Filth has become in most of our picture houses and many of our theaters the hall-mark of amusement, and self-control the brand of the coward."

STRONG words, but there were stronger to come: "Film producers," went on the magistrate, "are fouling civilization":

"They exhibit human love as something disgusting, nauseating and revolting, and after they have debauched the youthful minds our criminal courts and hospitals are left to clear up the litter, while moneybugs clear off with the moneybags.

"Constantly in my court here I see girl-mothers faced by lads challenging their obligations of paternity. I do not hesitate to say that Hollywood is earning a distinction second only to Gomorrah.

"I can respect misguided enthusiasm and honest error, but here are men deliberately exploiting every human frailty for cash.

"An England peopled with these film-made sexual specters can not live."

As vehicles of propaganda, nothing can compare with the films, said Mr. Cairns. "They can pollute our Western ideals and the Eastern ideals of the white man and his civilization in a way that we can not compete with in effectiveness by righteousness and virtue. But do not misunderstand me," Mr. Cairns went on:

"We are called killjoys, but we are not. I want to interfere with no man's manner of life. He can lead a life which to me would seem utterly immoral if he chooses, and I would not raise an eyebrow—that's his concern.

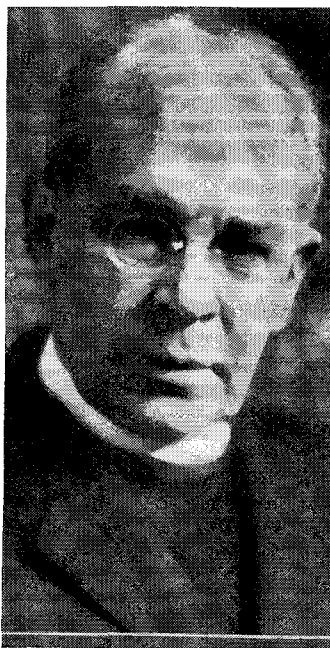
"But if he wants to debauch youth, that's my concern.

"What I say and mean is—give youth a chance. Let them dream. I am sorry for the young folks of to-day, for in so many ways they are so delightful. But this film poison is so insidious and penetrates from the very atmosphere of the films.

"Why, I was talking only the other day to a young girl I know, of eighteen, and quite innocently she expressed to me her surprise that her father had no woman 'friend,' and her mother, too. I'm sure it is only from seeing films where immorality is painted as natural that she could have imbibed such views. I myself have sat in picture-houses and felt that our children have no chance to retain their pristine innocence.

"Have we no reverence for childhood left? I wonder!"

Little help, apparently, is to be expected from the Church, for



For the New

Bishop Herman Page of Michigan, one of the leaders in supporting the new Protestant Episcopal canon on marriage.

"the churches are all struck with moral paralysis, and this applies to the Church of England no less than the Free Churches." And Mr. Cairns is not in favor of censorship, "because other influences—political influences—come in there, and also there is standardization of judgment."

Then there are the politicians and the London Morality Council, of whom much might be expected. It might be a voice in an American city: "The former want to spit fireworks on your platform, but are dumb in Parliament, and the other—well, I never hear anything of its activities. Do you?"

The only hope, so far as Mr. Cairns can see, is in an educated public opinion. Much might be done in the villages and small towns in the way of cleansing the films. But he fears that the West End, where culture and good breeding are supposed to reside, is "hopeless."

And Now the Children Are Accused

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE, IGNORANCE, and intolerance exist among children to an almost unbelievable degree, according to a survey in New York.

Even children living in crowded communities where other faiths are practised know practically nothing about any religion except their own, and very little about that. Sunday-school pupils, elementary grade children, as well as young children living in so-called liberal homes, are all surprisingly biased, ignorant, intolerant, and filled with race prejudice, the inquiry discloses.

The investigation was made by Dr. Adelaide T. Case, Professor of Education at Columbia University. Her study will take another year to complete.

In getting the reactions of the 1,000 children examined, Dr. Case asked them, Leon Freeman tells us in *The American Hebrew*, to write freely on religions other than their own. Often, in cases where the child was too young to write, Dr. Case or an assistant would gain the confidence of the child, and through indirect questioning would discover the child's reaction to religious topics.

Most of the children have a vague association of external practices about religion, and nothing else, according to Dr. Case. Very often they form conclusions and generalizations of another faith from the children that they happen to know in their neighborhood, or from their schoolmates.

"How can there be any religious tolerance and true understanding when youngsters of nine and ten have such bitter and intolerant ideas of the other religions?" asks Dr. Case. Of her inquiry she says:

"Not only do we find a marked misunderstanding between Jew and Christian but between Catholic and Protestant children as well.

"As long as we have a school system that allows such false ideas to be formed early in the life of the child we can plainly see that something is lacking in our educational system. Too often these ignorances and prejudices are carried throughout the adult life. It's a disgrace to allow these intolerant prejudices to develop and grow."

As typical of the majority of the replies, Dr. Case cites the

To Youth

By Bert Cooksley

DO AS you will and go where you will. Be cruel
Or compassionate, ignorant or wise.
Still you remain the one essential fuel
That life needs for his flaming wizardries.

Be arrogant as only fools can be,
Cocksure and ruthless, boasting as a prince.
Still you remain the honeyed savory
Life needs within its cup of lime and quince.

Beauty is yours, passion is yours, and you
The rain and seed for life's eternal dust.
All April's glory is your own, and through
Your magic our old metals can not rust.

Do as you will and go where you will, life's sure
Contract with God is in your signature.

—*The Times, New York.*

responses of a group of Italian girls ten or eleven years old, who, writing "all they knew" about the Jews, said: "They eat matzoths, cabbage, fish, bananas, and pickles; they believe in Moses; they eat from gold and silver plates, and don't like to work; some of the Roman Jews hate God; and when they pray they touch their beards and say, 'Baba la Frisca,' which means 'We praise, thee, O Lord.'"

Here is what some Jewish boys wrote about the Catholics and Protestants:

"They eat bacon, ham, and other things that are not kosher; they go to church on Sunday; Christmas is their favorite holiday; they pray in front of a cross and take their

hats off in church; the 'Prodisens' made the Ku-Klux Klan; Jesus is their father, and the Christians copied the Bible from the Jews and translated it into English."

ONE little girl from a well-known and liberal Sunday-school said: "I have never had anything to do with a Jew because they steal, they are dirty, and they cheat. One time we had a Jew in our class; she would steal and cheat."

"These are but samples," says Dr. Case, "to show the great need for religious training of the proper sort."

Most surprising of all to Dr. Case, we read, was the extent of misunderstanding existing between the Catholics and the Protestants.

Some Protestant children summed up their knowledge of the Catholics, thus:

"All the Catholics say prayers with their beads; the head of all the church is the Pope, and he lives in a beautiful palace and people go from all over the world to kiss his hand. The women who go to see him wear all black with a veil, and the men wear evening dress. You have to pay money to see the Pope.

"The Catholics worship idols. When they are in church they get down on their knees and creep up the aisles. They bless themselves when there is a storm. They put holy water on their beds at night, and when they are sick, they use a lot of holy water."

"Now," *The American Hebrew* adjures its readers, "examine your own children in the light of Dr. Case's survey and conclusions. What do they know about the religions of other children? What of their own? Perhaps you had better examine yourself first. Write down what you know about Christianity. Write down what you know about Judaism."

The only unexplainable thing about this report, declares the *Philadelphia Jewish Exponent*, is the surprise expressed by Dr. Case. As long as nothing is done to get at the root of the evil, we need expect nothing but intolerance, that paper thinks, and it goes on to specify:

"The Christian prayer-books and their hymnals are still full of questionable references. There the Jew is still a heathen undeserving of salvation; at best deserving of prayer. Everywhere his inferiority is stressed. Christian folk-lore is full of anti-Jewish references. All of this is being transmitted from one generation to the other.

"To be effective the new propaganda of better understanding should be carried on in the homes, among the children as well as among the grown-ups. It should be included in the text-books, in the prayer-books, in the hymnals. The survey made by Dr. Case shows conclusively what may otherwise be expected of the growing generation in this country."



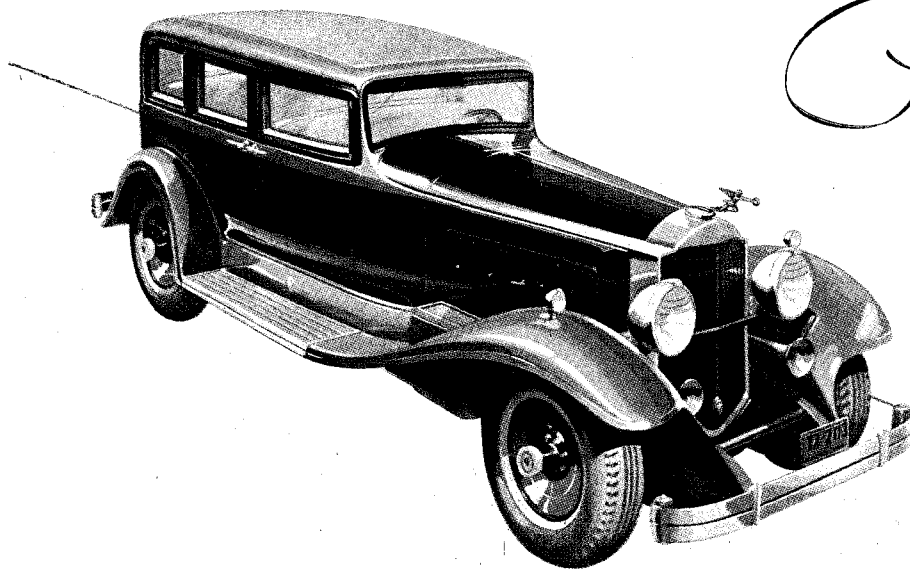
WORLD SUPREMACY

Rough going is the rule on the ancient highways and picturesque cobbled streets of Jugo-Slavia. More Packards are in use there than any other make of American fine car. The Royal Court of King Alexander I owns twenty Packards

Packard owners have always enjoyed unusual riding comfort. But the new Packards offer for the first time on any American car the luxury of *instantly adjustable* spring control. That means an entirely *new* result for those who ride as well as for him who drives. ¶ Packard has now placed at the driver's hand a control which instantly, and constantly

if need be, changes the degree of shock absorber action. *While driving* a touch of the fingers can give you exactly the kind of ride you or your guests require, winter or summer, rough detour or smooth concrete, full load or light. ¶ This wonderful improvement gives a new meaning to the term luxurious transportation. It is but one of the many important advances

you will find in the new Packard cars. Others include four-speed, synchromesh transmission, automatic chassis lubrication, new and more beautiful bodies completely insulated against noise and temperature, longer wheelbases, wider tread, greater smoothness and far more power. ¶ Before you buy any car be sure to see and drive the new Packard.



Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

British Youth Dislikes Love in the Movies

ANY KIND BUT LOVE," answered an English boy when asked what kind of movies he liked.

The report of a British committee that has been investigating the cinematographical likes and dislikes of children indicates a general objection to the tender passion.

Children, we learn, enjoy comic pictures and adventure, including crime.

The Lancet (London) thinks that this report should go to every movie man in Britain. It says:

"Magistrates and social workers are constantly heard to deprecate the effect of the cinematograph entertainment on the

"Of 1,439 children between the ages of eight and fourteen, 780 went once a week to the pictures, 184 went twice a week, 107 went once a fortnight, 302 went once a month or occasionally, while 30 never went, and 36 went three, four, or five times a week. A boy of eleven remarked, 'You have them on your mind all the time.'

"A report from groups of 150 club girls, past school age, showed an average attendance of once or twice a week. Asked why they liked going, the children replied under four main headings: for interest, for amusement, to pass the time, and for excitement or thrills. The 'comics' held an undisputed first place in their affections, followed by adventure pictures and detective films.

"Love stories are not even mentioned by the boys, except in such remarks as 'We like any kind but love,' or 'Pictures are all now potty love ones.' A notable feature is the constantly recurring emphasis on crime and war. A group of girl guides aged seven to ten put murder films first in their choice and 'comics' second.

"Many of the children wrote of the fear that crook and war plays had caused them. They did not think the shows were too long—except a few who replied, 'Only love pictures are too long.'"

THE *Lancet* writer considers it worthy of note that 442 of the children found that the pictures tried their eyes. Over 350 had trouble in sleeping afterward—often on account of fear or nightmare. He goes on:

"The references to murders are incessant, and many say, 'I have learned nothing but murder,' or, 'I have learned to shoot through my pocket.'

"Young men voted for the same films as the boys, and objected to sloppy and suggestive films. They asked for more ventilation, orchestras, and 'real' life in the pictures.

"The girls object to smoking and babies, and suggest that all seats should be booked and queues abolished. They say there is too much sentimentality and too much kissing. They like historical and nature films as well as adventure, comedy, history, and detective pictures. They do not seem to have learned anything of great educational value, except from travel and nature films and the news."



Fox Film photograph

British Youth Prefer Murder to This Sort of Thing

Love scenes in the movies are voted out by the rising generation in England.

youth of the country; sanitarians deplore the hours spent in dark, crowded, and often ill-ventilated halls when they might be spent in open-air exercise; pedagogs bewail the prostitution of a potential weapon for instruction.

"Say what they will, the cinema has taken such hold of the public throughout the world that it has almost certainly come to stay.

"To all complaints about the character of the films exhibited, the business men controlling the industry reply that they must give the public what the public wants. According to them the public wants drama, glitter, and romance, and the cinema is therefore perpetuating the tradition of the Victorian novel which ended: 'They married and lived happily ever after.'

"Medical psychologists know some of the appalling damage done to national life and the home by the easy assumption that the wedding-bells ring out the period of struggle and anxiety and ring in a halcyon period of effortless delight. The leaders of the cinema world are not likely to be much moved by the plea of the pedagog or the medical psychologist, but startling changes might follow if it were possible to convince them that they have misinterpreted the real edict of their god—public opinion.

"A copy of the report of the Birmingham Cinema Inquiry Committee should be sent to every cinema manager in the country. The report contains no argument, no conclusions; it merely consists of the summarized results of a series of questionnaires addressed to children, adolescents, and adults. Many interesting figures and comments were elicited.

A Lamp Inside a Lung

SUNBURNING the inside of one's lungs to cure tuberculosis is a procedure introduced in Vienna by Dr. Alexander Cernach, inventor of many devices for medical use of ultra-violet rays.

This strange cure is thus described by Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Dr. Cernach recently developed a device for treating hay-fever and other nasal irritations by the applications of these rays to the inside of the nose. To use his still newer device for treating tuberculosis, spots in the lungs affected by the disease are first located exactly by a series of X-ray photographs. A skilful surgeon then introduces into each of these infected spots in turn a narrow, bent rod, passed in through the throat and having at its end a tiny quartz lamp supplied with electric current through wires inside the rod. Once properly in place, this quartz lamp is lit electrically for a few seconds or minutes.

"A powerful beam of the ultra-violet rays like those in sunlight thus is produced inside the diseased part of the lung. The germs of tuberculosis are killed easily by these rays, which is the reason why sunlight is so good a disinfectant against them. Many of the living germs in an infected lung thus are killed, Dr. Cernach believes, by the internal ray bath provided by his instrument.

"Even if some of the germs are protected by the lung tissue, enough are killed so that the natural germ-fighting forces of the body can dispose of the rest. Treatment by the instrument is now under comprehensive trial in Vienna, especially for the kind of tuberculosis sometimes called 'galloping consumption,' which progresses rapidly and often fails to yield to ordinary methods of treatment."

Rivalry Among the Locomotives Drug Makes People Tell Secrets

NO LESS THAN 303 leviathans of the rails have been built and put into service by American railroads during the past five years.

Each of these super-locomotives has a tractive power of 90,000 pounds or more. No less than 125 of them were ordered in 1930, according to a list issued by the Northern Pacific Railway Company, which purchased twelve of these traction monsters last year.

Every one of them, according to the announcement of the Northern Pacific, weighs 1,118,000 pounds, and is 125 feet long, over all.

Nor is the end in sight. Faster and more powerful locomotives are planned to meet demands for faster transportation—particularly of food-stuffs. It is therefore a mistake to characterize as "the biggest and strongest in the world," the multipressure locomotive recently put into service, as a writer, quoted in these columns in August, recently did. The Northern Pacific bulletin describes its own super-locomotives:

"The first of these monster engines was built as an experiment, and several months' test proved its practicability, and it went into service between Mandan, North Dakota, and Glendive, Montana, where there is an undulating grade-line, which heretofore necessitated dividing freight-trains.

"Eleven additional engines of this type subsequently were ordered by the railway company.

"Including the trailer booster, the total tractive power of each locomotive is 153,400 pounds.

"Each locomotive is capable of hauling 4,000 tons on a 1 per cent. grade.

"These locomotives, which are the largest in size (weight and length) in the world, were delivered during the summer of 1930.

"It has been found that their more suitable firebox proportions and lower combustion rate result in a saving of about 15 per cent. in coal to move equivalent tonnage, as compared with the Mikado type locomotives displaced.

"As the new locomotives will haul 4,000-ton trains and make somewhat better time over the division, the engine- and train-crew wage-cost of operation should be reduced between 42 and 45 per cent."

When Lightning Strikes a Field

THE effects of a stroke of lightning is sometimes very conspicuous, but may be quite the reverse, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature *Why the Weather?* (Washington). The difference, he notes, depends mainly on the amount of electrical resistance encountered by the discharge. He writes:

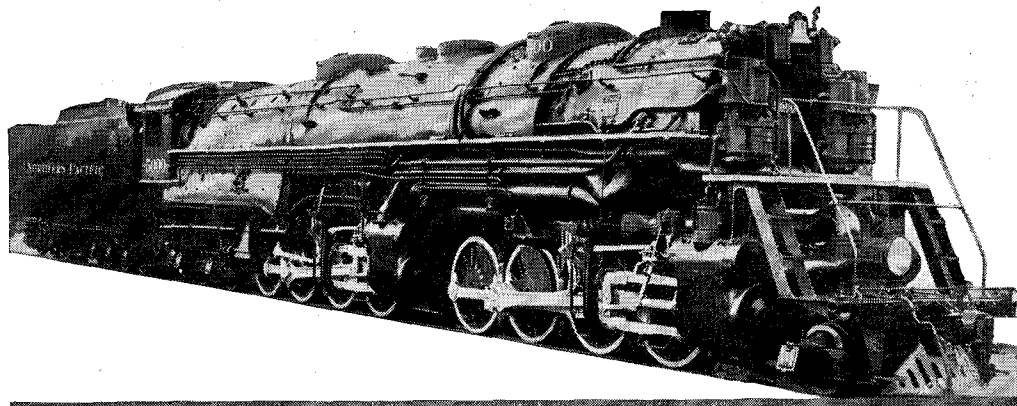
"Some years ago an English meteorologist, W. H. Dines, raised the question: Can lightning strike a wet field and leave no noticeable mark? In reply to this query, R. P. Dansey reported a personal experience. He wrote:

"In the course of a cricket match, we were compelled to take shelter in the pavilion during a rather bad thunder-storm. As I was watching the storm, I saw a flash come straight down and strike the grass in the cricket field about 100 yards from the pavilion. I distinctly saw the grass smoke where the lightning had struck. Without diverting my eyes from the spot, and altho it was still raining fairly heavily, I ran out to see if anything was to be seen. Unless I had marked the exact spot, I should never have found it, for to an unobservant eye there was nothing to be seen, tho there was a strong sulfurous smell. Looking carefully down, I saw lines in the grass radiating from a center as if a piece of cord had been dragged through the grass. There was no hole, even in the center, but just a small spot that was bare of grass."

A PSYCHOLOGIST HAS DISCOVERED a means of "breaking the ice" which will make even the most reserved person anxious to discuss his private affairs.

It is a small dose of sodium amytal, a derivative of barbituric acid, related to the common drugs veronal and luminal, which has been used for years as an anesthetic. Says a Mail Report from Science Service (Washington):

"Dr. Erich Lindemann, of the Psychopathic Hospital of the



Bigger and Bigger Grow the Giants of the Rails

This monster of the Northern Pacific Railway measures 125 feet, weighs 1,118,000 pounds.

State University of Iowa, told of its new use at a meeting of the American Psychological Association at Toronto.

"His research on the psychological effects of sodium amytal was begun as a result of the effective use of this drug in the treatment of certain mental diseases. Its use in psychiatry was to produce a deep sleep.

"Physicians also noted that this sleep was followed in the case of depressed or excited patients with a period of calm and contentment. Some stuporous patients were given lucid intervals.

"In the psychological laboratory of the Psychopathic Hospital, Dr. Lindemann performed the experiment of giving a very small dose of this same drug to patients in the hospitals and also to normal individuals. This dose, tho too small to produce anesthesia or even sleepiness, had a decided effect on the emotions and on the subject's personal relations with those about him.

"The most striking effect on the normal subjects was the desire to tell about personal matters which the individual would ordinarily want to keep hidden.

"Under the influence of this drug, a person is unable to refuse to answer questions about the most intimate matters.

"He shows a warm emotional attitude toward others, and has a feeling of strength, self-confidence, and serene contentment.

"Dr. Lindemann suggested that this drug would be of great importance to the physician who must learn the secrets of diseased minds in order to give effective treatment."

Perfuming All Outdoors

THOSE who object to perfumery will hardly be pleased at the methods now in use at the Paris Exposition and elsewhere, to spread odors over vast spaces.

The objectors say that one can scarcely choose the sights he is to see and the sounds he is to hear. They are forced upon him whether he will or no. And now he must submit to smelling whatever odor some one desires to inflict upon him! Says a writer in the *New York Times*:

"On an island in Lake Daumesnil, within the boundaries of the French Colonial Exposition, a luxurious restaurant is enjoying a successful season. Its romantic setting is made deliciously fragrant by perfuming the surrounding lake. Guests arriving by motor drive over wide bridges above the perfumed waters.

"Various happy applications suggest themselves. Certain residents of Long Island might be glad to have a screen of jasmine laid down on the open dump at Queensboro Hill. Unpleasant exhaust gases on Broadway and Fifth Avenue might be masked under gusts of Parma violet. And it should be simple to flood the subways on hot days with the scent of sweet clover."

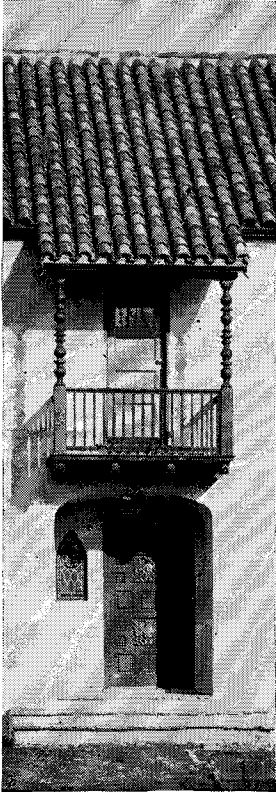
Pointers for Those Who Build

(9) What Shall the Roofing Be?

IF HOME MEANS SHELTER, then a good roof is the trump card.

Without it, we have discomfort, damage, expense.

As W. S. Hays says in *The National Real Estate Journal*: "Aside from the foundation of the house itself, there is nothing



Courtesy Ludowici-Celadon Company

Mission Tile Pleases

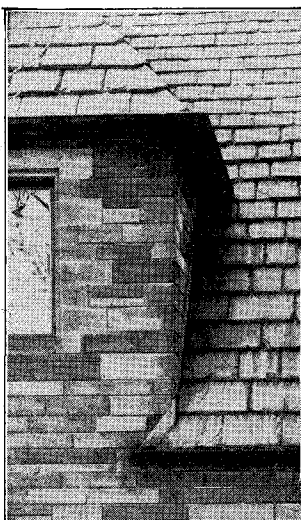
creosote gives them greater weather resistance.

"Many different styles and colors are available in tile.

"Copper and zinc are extremely durable metals for roofing. Their use indicates quality construction.

“Asbestos shingles, made of asbestos fiber and a high percentage of Portland cement, are often used. These shingles come in different weights and qualities; some are smooth-surfaced, others are rough, and they may be obtained in a pleasing variety of colors.

"Composition shingles of asphalt and felt and roll roofing are widely used in many localities."



Courtesy of National Slate Association

Artistry of Slate

more important than the roof. Roofing materials are primarily intended to shelter—if they do not accomplish that, there is no purpose whatever in their use, and no material can give permanent satisfaction if it is of inferior quality.”

Besides its protective value, the roof is an important factor in the appearance of every home.

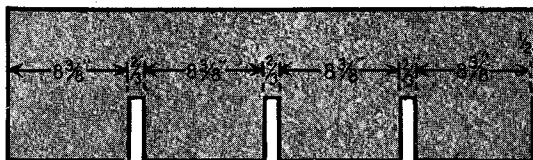
Therefore the prime needs are materials which provide watertightness; low maintenance; fire resistance demanded in localities with codes requiring this; and beauty.

To meet these wants, inventive genius has developed new roofing materials and is making more varied applications of long-used products.

Hence there are an increasing choice and widening price range.

Thus we read in "How to Judge a House," published by the National Committee on Wood Utilization, United States Department of Commerce:

“Western red cedar, cypress, and redwood are the woods used for most of the wood shingles in this country. Staining or dipping in



Courtesy Certain-teed Products Corporation

Strip Asphalt Shingles Are Widely Used

THROUGH centuries slate has rendered high roofing efficiency. In *House Beautiful* we read:

“An English chapel at Bradford-on-Avon was roofed with it over twelve hundred years ago . . . has had no repairs and is still in good condition.”

As defined by the National Slate Association, Philadelphia, slate roofs may be classified as:

"1. Standard composed of uniform length and width with square butts laid in line; 2. Textural with uneven butts and variations of thickness or size; 3. Graduated, combining artistic features of textural slate with additional variations; 4. Flat, standard and slate roofs of thicker slates with promenade possibilities."

The Department of Commerce has recommended the following nomenclature of basic slate colors: black, blue-black, gray, blue-gray, purple, mottled purple and green, green, purple variegated, red.

Besides slate, another natural stone roofing has been introduced recently in the form of a quartzite shingle in varied colorings.

Tile manufactured from clay, concrete or metal is available in rounded or flat form. "Among types of concrete roofing tile in common use for residence roofs," says "Concrete Masonry Construction," published by the Portland Cement Association, Chicago, "are the Spanish and French, and more recently has been added a type known as the 'English shingle.' The 'Mission' type also has proved popular in some sections." Metal tile made of copper, zinc, tin, and enameled iron may be obtained.

Besides tile there is a large choice of other metal roofing products. Shingles of copper, aluminum, copper-clad asphalt and Armco Ingot Iron are among these.

Many styles of strip and individual shingles of asphalt and felt-surfaced with fine stone are offered in attractive colorings.

IN the less expensive class we have a large selection of built-up roll roofings composed of felt, asphalt, magnesia,

The lasting qualities of all nailed roofings depend upon rust-proof fastenings. "Nails should be hot dipt, zinc-coated shingle nails, or copper or aluminum nails if a very high-grade job is required," emphasizes a writer in "Light Frame House Construction," published by the U. S. Department of Commerce.

Besides the main roofing, "permanent materials are nowhere more essential than in the flashings and gutters used in the construction of dwellings," writes John M. Wyman in "Building and Loan Construction Standards." Ridge rolls, flashings, valleys, gutters, elbows, downspouts, and the like are supplied in numerous

metals such as copper, aluminum, zinc, tin, Armeo Ingot Iron, Toncean Mo-Lyb-deum and Open Hearth galvanized iron, lead coated, copper, and hard lead.

Gutters of wood have been used since the Colonial era. "Both practically useful and architecturally effective is a new line of fir gutters which has been designed to give a deep shadow line," says a writer in *American Builder and Building Age*.

DETAILED roofing information may be obtained from the associations already mentioned, and also from the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, Washington, D. C.; Copper and Brass Research Association, New York; Tile and Mantel Manufacturers' Association, Washington, D. C.



Courtesy Weatherbest Stained Shingle Company

Cedar Shingles Charm



Courtesy Johns-Manville Corporation

Rigid Asbestos Shingles

THE SALESMAN OF THE FUTURE

THERE are two possible viewpoints to every sale. One is that of the manufacturer or merchant solely concerned with finding an outlet for his goods. The other is that of the consumer whose interest lies not so much in the material thing purchased as in the service he can expect from it.

Salesmanship must bring these two viewpoints into focus to make a complete picture. This is not a new idea, but it is one that will gain ground because in the long run it is the most effective selling.

America's foremost automobile manufacturer has always had this kind of salesmanship in mind. When he sold his first motor-car he was not content until he had hunted up a nearby blacksmith and showed him how to take the car apart and put it together so that he could fix it if anything went wrong. He has always been more concerned with what the purchaser can do with the car than whether he could make a

sale. Out of the hundreds of makes of motor-cars built and advertised in the last quarter of a century, those which have survived to grow into big industries are those supported with competent service systems.

Advertising, which is an integral part of modern salesmanship, likewise increases in value as it takes into account the consumer's interest.

The most effective advertising is the most informative. Advertising which simply urges people to buy goods, will have no place in the selling advertising of the future. Advertising will sell just as salesmen will sell, by interpreting goods in terms of usefulness or desirability to the consumer. Advertising will tell consumers how to use goods more efficiently, more thoroughly, how to take care of them, how to repair them, how to get the most of value and service out of them. And advertising of this kind will be—is today—more profitable than any circus stunt or ballyhoo that can be devised.

To manufacturers of real purpose and with this broader salesmanship in their scheme, N. W. Ayer & Son offer a well-organized and experienced advertising service. This advertising-business organization, now numbering a trained personnel of more than nine hundred, has grown steadily for sixty-two years through its adherence to sound principles of advertising.

Our clients include leaders in industry and commerce in every section of the United States and in Canada and Europe. Our facilities are complete for handling all forms of advertising—newspaper, magazine, radio broadcast and outdoor display—including a merchandising organization for the first-hand study of markets and sales methods. Our planning and production forces are exceptional in training and equipment. Inquiries from business executives are sought, and representatives of N. W. Ayer & Son, Incorporated, will be glad to call on request.

N. W. AYER & SON, INCORPORATED

Advertising Headquarters • Philadelphia • New York • Boston • Chicago • San Francisco • Detroit • London

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THIS American poet becomes quite authentically Irish in feeling under the stimulus of environment. From *Star Dust* (Washington):

AN IRISH TWILIGHT

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

It was about the droop of day
Upon Craighdrummoich isle,
As I came up the shingly way
That I saw Mona smile.

And all the gorse and all the whin
Above Craighdrummoich shore
Took on a sudden glamour in
The light that shone before.

And all the heather on the slopes
That gave upon the glen,
Grew brighter from the glowing hopes
Within my heart just then.

Though Mona said 'twas shut of eve,
And day would soon be gone,
I'd swear—and still I do believe—
It was the break of dawn!

ANTI-WAR poems that strike at the heart of humanity are never superfluous in days like these. *Unity* (Chicago) sponsors it:

RED PERIHELION

By LE GARDE S. DOUGHTY

When Mars is at perihelion opposition it is nearer earth than at any other time in its orbit, and therefore looms larger and redder; hence the suggestion of war—always ready to attend the greed of man—upon such an occasion.

Meek little mother, hold fast your child
And hold him close and hold him long.—
What makes your eyes so weird and wild?—
Something is dreadful wrong!

For Mars is rising and Mars is red,
Red as a fatted calf fresh-bled;
And Mars is angry and Mars is red
And nears the perihelion.

Slim little mother, you droop distressed!
You know not why; you cannot know.—
But suckle the babe on your meagre breast
And make your nipples flow.

For Mars is rising and Mars is red,
Red as a Flanders poppy-bed;
And Mars is ruthless and Mars is red
And nears red perihelion.

Poor little mother, you cannot know;
And knowing not, why need you weep?
Why do you clutch your infant so?—
See! he smiles in sleep.

But Mars is rising and Mars is red
And Mars is scowling and Mars is dread
And Mars is redder than blood is red
And draws near perihelion.

Wistfully, mother, you stroke his hair!
Perhaps you dream of scarlet mud!
No!—but the curl will not look fair
Matted with grime and blood.

For Mars is rising and Mars is red
And Mars glows bright like molten lead
And Mars is glaring, glaring red
And nears the perihelion.

Poor little woman, did tyrants die
In Ages men have called The Dark
When bleeding peasants saw them lie
In death and cold and stark?—

Then why is Mars up-rising red?
Why not the Morning Star instead?—
But cruel Mars is looming red
And nears red perihelion.

Poor little mother, mad kings are dust
Who struck with swords in days of old,
But tyrants live and tyrants lust
And strike with barbs of gold.

And Mars is rising and Mars is red
And drives away the frightened moon;
And blood shall run in rivers soon,
With Mars at perihelion.

Then weep, for mothers still must weep;
And infants still must laugh and grow;
And, grown, must see their mothers weep,
While they laugh at death—and go.

For Mars is rising and Mars is red
And Mars is scowling overmuch
And Mars looms big and soon will touch
The reddest perihelion.

IN *The Nation* (New York) comes this concentrated history that begins with the Garden of Eden:

SNAKE

(Jardin des Plantes)

By JESSIE LEMONT

He curled there quiescent—
Imprisoned in the Garden,
Behind bars of metal
And thick walls of crystal
Apart in the stillness,
Withdrawn in the coils of
His own cryptic circles
That reach through the aeons—
Reach back to a Garden—
A mythical Woman
As slim as a birch-tree,
With hair spun of sunlight
And white naked body,
Arrested, transfixed by
His sinister splendor. . . .

Through bright veils of clear glass
His diamond eyes glittered;
Then slowly his head raised
High over the circles,
The tip of the coils' end
Rose upright and sent forth
The death-rattle warning—
Defended by ringed armor,
His fangs as his javelins,
He rattled his signal,
His drum-beat of battle. . . .

Long, long since with languor
He stretched out his full length,
Each movement a silken
Slow rhythm of caressing,
Drew softly his sinuous
Voluptuous body
Against Earth's deep bosom—
Do his eyes hold visions
Of dimness of forests,
Of leaf-beds—trees arching—
Beyond bars of metal
And thick walls of crystal? . . .

THERE is a human note here that will appeal to many. From *The Catholic Extension Magazine* (Chicago):

MOTHER'S DIARY

By ELSIE DUNCAN SANDERS

I found a little record of her days
At the old home. A few short lines
Each day were all she wrote. My mother's ways
Were simple. When she planted columbines
She put it down; the day she set a hen;
The little calf she weaned from mother-cow;
Her daily household tasks, or when
She visited the sick . . . But O, somehow
One line apart from others seems to stand—
"I went to the postoffice" she would say . . .
I look upon it—here in her own hand—
That one short line she wrote from day to day.

Dear God, on high, can Mother see to-night
These tears for letters that I failed to write?

BACK to nature is this one's determination. Happy if he can hold to it. From the *London Spectator*:

OURS IS THE SKY

By D. P. MCGUIRE

All day long I have been
Between the blue and the green,
Lying where daisies lie,
Looking up at the sky,
I have seen flowers open and seen
Linnets and swallows fly.

These be the sounds of my wars:
The flutes of a thin cascade,
Thunder of clouds and swift stars,
I shall make eager raid
And commerce with bees and will keep
My marches with sheep.

These be the ends of my wars:
To live at peace with the stars,
Be one with the earth and repose
At last with the roots of the rose.

WAR horrors and war heroes are here given from an unusual angle in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

TO A NURSING SISTER UNDER FIRE

By W. R. TITTERTON

God kept her lips from laughter, she had no time to weep.

She had no strength for sorrow, and pity seemed too cheap.

She only knew that dead men lay with live men in a heap.

Out of the night they staggered; into her arms they fell;

The naked soul that jibbered, the dumb and sightless shell.

And her heart grew calm within her because she was in hell.

Out of the night of tumult, uprushing in a flood,
With stink of flesh gone rotten and excremental mud,

The great black wave engulfed her, and choked her soul with blood.

She breathed the sickening odours of the kennel and the tomb.

She saw one shapeless horror crowd on another's room.

And pain grew rank about her, with a ghastly waxen bloom.

Dawn after dawn to darkness; from darkness to the grey;

Daylong she toiled unwearied, she worked the night away.

Till a tired man brought a tasteless cup, and said that it was day.

God kept her lips from laughter. But these about to die:

Limb-shattered, entrails gaping; but these with lips gone dry—

Laughed. And I think God wondered at that undaunted cry.

There's much she must remember, but surely will not tell;

For flesh may turn to vapour in the quick fires of hell.

Silence! God rest the frightened lads, brave lads she loved so well!

Rest? From the dawn to darkness, from darkness to the day,

Her hands like a mad shuttle, moved. And she dared not stay

The hands that knit the torment of reeling night and day.

She had no strength for sorrow; and pity seemed too cheap.

She watched the nightmare passing with eyes that could not weep.

Until God dropped the curtain, and gave the sleepless sleep.

How to end *Nervousness* and

Get 8 Hours' Sleep

Utterly *Without* Drugs!

Swiss Food-Drink Brings Natural Sleep
—the kind that rests you and rebuilds you

MAIL COUPON BELOW FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY



YOU may have thought it impossible—a safe, sane and drugless way to end nervousness and get sound, natural sleep for eight hours each night!

But it is possible—for you, any night; by using a delicious food-drink that you take just before going to bed. It brings you sleep almost instantly.

You sleep soundly the whole night through and wake up in the morning feeling rested, refreshed and rejuvenated. If you are nervous and can't sleep, please mail the

What It Is and What It Does

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the world war, it was used as a standard ration for rebuilding invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a natural process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And this rebuilds nerve and brain cells as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of warm, cooked oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach—and when taken just before going to bed, relieves digestive unrest and combats sleeplessness.



coupon below for a 3-day trial supply.

In even the short space of 3 days you will be amazed at what it does for you—the difference it makes in the way you feel and the way you look.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but actually combats the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. K-34 S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person) 834-R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

Little Journeys of George Washington

ONLY ONCE IN HIS LIFE did George Washington travel beyond the bounds of his native country, and then only as far as the West Indies. He never saw Europe or the Mississippi River; yet his biographers agree that he was a much-traveled man, and that his travels played a vital part in making him "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

His activities, from boyhood to maturity, brought him in contact with the men and women of other colonies more freely than any other man of his time. As youthful surveyor of Lord Fairfax's vast estate, he learned to be at home in wilderness camps, to endure hardships, to meet rough frontiersmen, and to understand them. As a militia major, still in his teens, he had his first taste of Indian fighting, and learned as much from friendly chiefs as from hostile arrows.

What the Wild West was to the cowboys on the plains in our day, teaching them courage and endurance, the mountains of pioneer Virginia and the forests of western Pennsylvania were to George Washington.

To realize how much his travels had to do with his greatness, it is necessary to note that during his boyhood Virginia had no cities or towns, no factories or trades, almost no newspapers. Even the stage-coach had not yet appeared; the roads were too crude. Travel was almost all by horseback. Few men knew much about people outside of their own districts. Thus Washington's travels in themselves tended to make him an exceptional man—by giving him a national outlook.

When he was nineteen he sailed with his brother, Lawrence Washington, to Barbados, in the West Indies. The trip was made for the sake of his brother's health, but Lawrence returned to Mount Vernon only to die, and George took smallpox during his visit, and bore the marks of it the rest of his days. Yet the radiant air of that summer isle touched him to new pleasure; he made many friends, and when he returned he was able to describe the island, its scenery, people, customs, government, and resources. That rare thing, the seeing eye, was his from the beginning; but travel improved it.

Only twenty he was, when his beloved brother's death changed everything. He became the executor of Lawrence's estate, and eventually heir to Mount Vernon. It was the end of his youth.

Meanwhile the French had been taking possession of the Ohio Valley as far up as the present site of Pittsburgh, and the French and Indian War was brewing. So at the age of twenty-one George Washington got his next travel experiences as a soldier—an armed messenger to go and warn the French away, and, incidentally, to win the friendship of certain Indian chiefs. He had recently been appointed a major in the Virginia militia, and Governor Dinwiddie chose him for this dangerous work.

THROUGH the forest and over swollen rivers his party traveled, with a wiry old frontiersman for guide, to the far Ohio River country and the French outposts. On the way, the young leader held many palavers with Indian chiefs, usually winning them over to the British side after much speech-making, and, incidentally, learning diplomacy and the control of his own hot temper.

Once, hostile Indians lay in wait and tried to murder the whole party, and at another time Washington fell from a raft amid floating ice, and had to spend a night on an island with his clothes frozen stiff upon him. He was the hero of the hour when he finally brought his little party safely back to Williamsburg.

His next traveling came when General Braddock invited him to join his staff with the rank of colonel. To be attached to a force of British regulars—what an honor! he thought. But he soon discovered that, being a colonial, he was regarded by these soldiers and even by the friendly general as something a good deal lower than a British subject—a contemptuous distinction that undoubtedly helped to throw him into the ranks of the revolutionists twenty years later.

Braddock, as we all know, scorned his young aide's advice on how to fight Indians, and went down to defeat and death in consequence.

WASHINGTON came out with the only shreds of glory that were salvaged from this disaster, but the most important result was the lesson he learned about British regulars. He saw that colonial troops could out-fight them.

The next year he had a long trip northward. For the first time he saw great cities—great for that time—Philadelphia, New York, Boston.

Brilliant enough the little cavalcade must have looked as they rode through the dark Virginia woods that February day in 1756. First came the Colonel in his buff and blue uniform, a

white and scarlet cloak flung over his shoulders. He was mounted on the finest of horses, for he loved and understood these animals as well as he did men. By his side rode two aides, and behind came his servants in the Washington colors, white and scarlet, wearing hats laced with silver. Washington had already learned the value of a good appearance.

The Colonel's fame had gone before him, as one of his biographers reminds us, and "every door flew open to him." On that trip he met many of the best minds on this side of the Atlantic. Then home, to take command of all Virginia's forces on the ravaged frontier, and wear his heart out over Indian atrocities and the delays and neglect of a wrangling assembly. What a school for a proud man's patience!

"The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men," he wrote in 1757, "melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

YEARS pass, and one long August day in 1774 we see Washington and two fellow delegates mounting their horses to ride to Philadelphia and attend the first Continental Congress.

Again he rubs shoulders with the ablest men of the other colonies. Yet, "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor," we hear Patrick Henry declare.

It is not a rebellious gathering, but Washington and many others come away from it with a vision of America united, armed, belligerent for her rights. He has learned the views of every leader of every section, and is thereby the better fitted to hold the loyalty of all during the war, and later as President.

One fateful day during the second Congress, when the war has already begun in New England, we see John Adams rise and declare that Congress must adopt all the colonial armies and make Washington their commander-in-chief. At mention of his name, Washington modestly steps out of the room; but with no thought of shirking this great responsibility. A few

THIS is the third of a series of historical sketches relating to the NATIONAL SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST in cooperation with the George Washington Bicentennial Commission. The article was written for THE DIGEST by Clifford Smyth, author of "Builders of America." It relates to Question Three:

How did Washington's journeys, both in private and in military life, aid him in understanding America and the people?

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days later we see him setting off on the longest journey of all, which is to last seven weary years. He is on his way to Boston to take command of the heroes of Bunker Hill and the rest of the Continental Army, and to face the task of wresting liberty from a British government that is not wise or big enough to understand its American colonies.

A single episode at the close of the war goes far to explain Valley Forge, Yorktown, and all the rest of it. Revolt had flared up in Washington's own army. Threatening violence, his soldiers refused to disband without their hard-earned pay, which an incompetent Congress had failed to give them.

Mutinous officers called a meeting to put through their plans. In the face of peril, Washington calmly took control of that meeting himself. When the officers assembled, he rose with a manuscript in his hand, and took out his glasses, saying quietly: "You see, gentlemen, I have grown both gray and blind in your service."

A FEW simple, strong words, full of affection, exhorting them to be true to their glorious past, and in a moment the whole atmosphere was changed. The soldiers waited, and in time got their pay.

Only a man of Washington's character and poise could have done it.

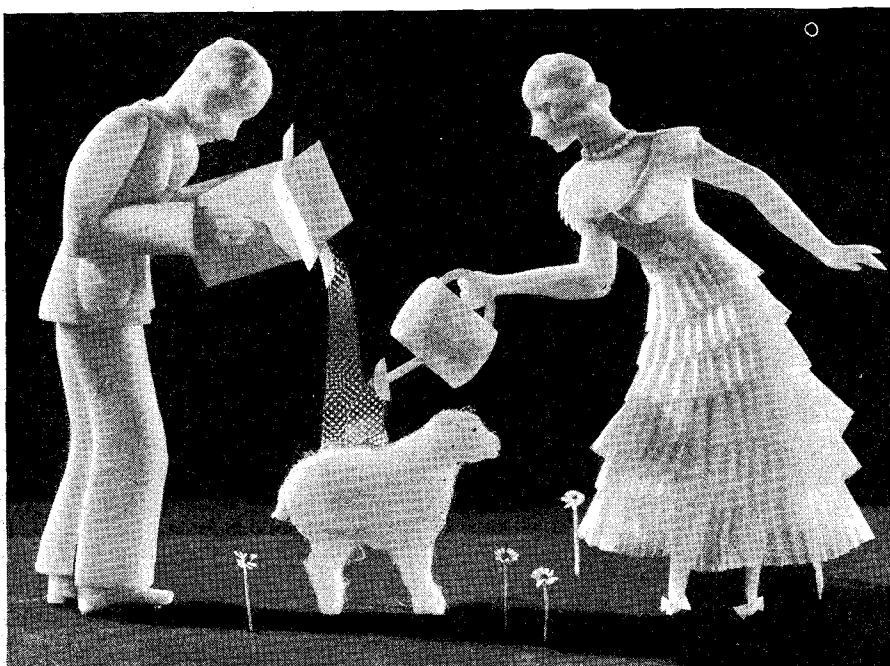
The most momentous fruit of Washington's travels, perhaps, was his ability to see the need of a strong central government when the new nation was groping its way, and the experiment of a loose confederation was carrying it upon the rocks. The value of his guidance at the convention that adopted the present Constitution can never be overestimated.

It is pleasant to recall him to view, in the mind's eye, as he was setting out upon the famous journey that he made in the spring of 1789, when he left his beloved Mount Vernon again, to become the first President of the United States.

The nation's capital was then in New York, and his whole journey thither was one long triumphal march. At Baltimore a cavalcade of citizens escorted him, and cannon boomed a welcome. Into Philadelphia he rode beneath colossal arches. At Trenton, where he had once crossed the Delaware in snow and darkness to surprise the enemy, young girls strewed flowers in his sunny path.

HE entered New York on a barge manned by thirteen pilots in white uniform, while a procession of other barges swept after him with music and huzzas, and all the ships in the harbor, streaming with flags, fired salutes in his honor.

And so we leave him for the present, clad in his familiar buff and blue, as the people throng the Battery and lower Broadway and cheer with doffed hats at sight of the stately figure they have learned to love.



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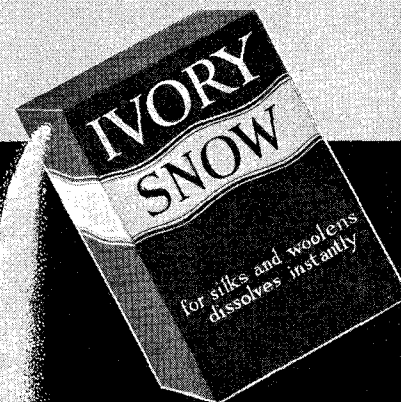
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"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truh. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.



PERSONAL GLIMPSES

The Bonaparte of the Bridge War

AN ENGAGING GENTLEMAN who has brought this country closer to civil war and carnage than anybody since Jeff Davis—this is how Ely Culbertson is characterized in the *New York Sun*.

Unruffled and unperturbed, he is pictured as a smiling Napoleon of the battle-field which contract bridge has become.

The advisory council of Bridge Headquarters, sponsoring the "official system" of bidding, is likened to a Supreme Command bent on bringing this Bonaparte of Bridge to his Waterloo.

They want, says a facetious writer in the *New York Evening Journal*, to make contract safe for the world, to bring about that happy state of affairs under which "husbands will no longer slaughter innocent wives, and women will no longer aim the ginger-ale at meek husbands."

These "Elder Statesmen," as Ely Culbertson dubs his adversaries, now claim a final victory with the publication of the "official system," designed to rout the Culbertson forces.

"Official" bidding versus the Culbertson "approach-forcing" system—that's "what all the shootin's about."

More than 400,000 Americans now take bridge lessons, at an annual outlay of \$10,000,000 or so, according to Mr. Culbertson's estimate. He proclaims that half of this money is wasted because of incorrect systems.

On the other hand, the embattled experts of the "official" family—and some of their names are household words—accuse Mr. Culbertson of disrupting the entire game.

His power, his popularity, are undisputed by his bitterest critics. For weal or woe his name evokes more dynamite than the whole catalog of his worthy foemen. He wears the helmet of Navarre. His personality, his life story, are becoming a legend.

Born abroad, forty years ago, of a Russian mother (daughter of a Cossack chieftain) and an American father—a mining engineer who was instrumental in developing Russia's second largest oil-field—Ely Culbertson was bereft of his patrimony when the Soviets seized power, his biographers assure us.

In a lively sketch published in *The American Magazine*, Jerome Beatty recounts Ely Culbertson's arrival in New York—a young man who might have stepped out of the pages of a novel by Paul Morand or Michael Arlen:

Up to the time the blow fell, Culbertson had lived like other Continental rich men's sons.

He had been educated at the Sorbonne, in Paris, and at the University of Geneva.

His higher education completed, he had lived mostly in Paris—a man-about-the-boulevards, served by a valet, owning dress-shirts and white ties by the dozens.

He spoke five languages, and was studying, he thought, to be a professor of sociology and philosophy.

Actually, he was engrossed in bridge games.

He never let his studies interfere with his card playing. He was one of the best auction-bridge players in Paris, and was tremendously interested in contract bridge, which, at that time, was unknown in America.

Were it not for the Russians, Culbertson to-day would probably be just an idle young millionaire, traveling from capital to capital in Europe, from bridge game to bridge game, popular, immaculate, the center of attention everywhere. Instead...

Well, when the millions vanished, he simply had to go to work or starve.

An American citizen, he came to America and hurried to Washington to file a claim against the Russian Government—a claim for four million dollars that is still on file.

Then he took an inventory of his earning capacity, and found little to encourage him.

He had a superior education, but no trade—no business experience of any kind.

He remained in America, and floundered.

He tried giving private lessons in French.

He tried to get a job as a professor of philosophy or sociology in some college—any college.

He washed dishes. He tried to sell coal and coffee, without success.

He tried to be the manager for his brother, Sascha Culbertson, a concert violinist, and failed at that, too.

At the bridge table one evening he met Miss

Josephine Murphy. Not long after that meeting they were married, Mr. Beatty tells us. Mrs. Culbertson made the suggestion that her husband begin to teach bridge. His success came when contract began to supersede auction. The *American* writer continues his story of Culbertson's phenomenal rise to world prominence and an income estimated at \$200,000 a year:

He had been on speaking terms with contract when he was a millionaire's son in France. During the later years of struggle, he had studied it, figured over it.

And he had developed a system of bidding—just ripe for the occasion.

He offered that system to a bridge public that was getting all hot and bothered. A year ago he finished another book, this time on contract bridge.

It was published, and at once it became a best-seller. Then he made a nation-wide lecture tour. And before you could say "Four spades," Culbertson was the topic of conversation around the bridge tables.

In the last twelve months, while almost the entire world has been running on depleted bank balances, Culbertson has raised his income from just enough to pay the bills to two hundred thousand dollars a year.

From an obscure teacher, he has become a real power in the bridge world—powerful enough, at least, to engage in pitched battle with practically all of the other authorities of the game, to decide whether you and I and our wives and our neighbors shall play the Culbertson system or another.

And it is war.

Experts who differ from him—and at present the list includes



Photograph by Weissner Studio

It Looks Like a Grand Slam for the Maestro

Mr. Culbertson, with the striped window-curtain behind him, has Mrs. Culbertson as an opponent at his left. He ranks her among the greatest players.

nearly every seasoned authority on contract bridge except R. F. Foster and Harold Vanderbilt—admit his ability grudgingly, and sometimes with reservations, but declare that he is disrupting the entire structure of bridge playing.

They are seeking a universal system, and want Culbertson to throw his system into the melting-pot, out of which is to emerge, they say, one standard method. Culbertson, the lone wolf of contract, will take no seat among those around the melting-pot. His method is the standard method, he tells them.

YET Ely Culbertson confesses: "Five years from now I expect to be more or less of a back number, because almost all of my time will have been put in lecturing and writing, rather than in active playing of the game."

As quoted in the New York *Sun* by Edwin C. Hill, Mr. Culbertson thus defines the essentials of good contract bridge:

The most precious quality in contract bridge is imagination, but imagination may run wild if it is not carefully controlled by reason and technical knowledge—sound principles.

That is what makes contract so fascinating. It is a mixture of the intensely idealistic and the intensely practical. It is both poetry and prose. Your head may be in the clouds, but you must keep your feet on solid earth.

I'll tell you an interesting thing. Bridge—contract—has never been so popular, pupils have never been so numerous, the whole game never so much in public favor, as right now.

Why? Because of the depression thousands have turned to contract. They play to relax, to get their minds off their troubles.

IF Mr. Culbertson had a single piece of advice to give to a mediocre player—just an ordinary dabbler in the game—a dub, in short—what would that single piece of advice be? propounded the interviewer. And here is the answer, which some men will read to their wives and some wives will read to their husbands:

Be considerate. Don't allow yourself to be unduly elated over a run of good luck or unduly deprest over a run of bad. Keep an even temper. Be courteous and amiable to your partner as well as to your opponent. After all, contract is only a game. It isn't a thing to get into a frenzy about.

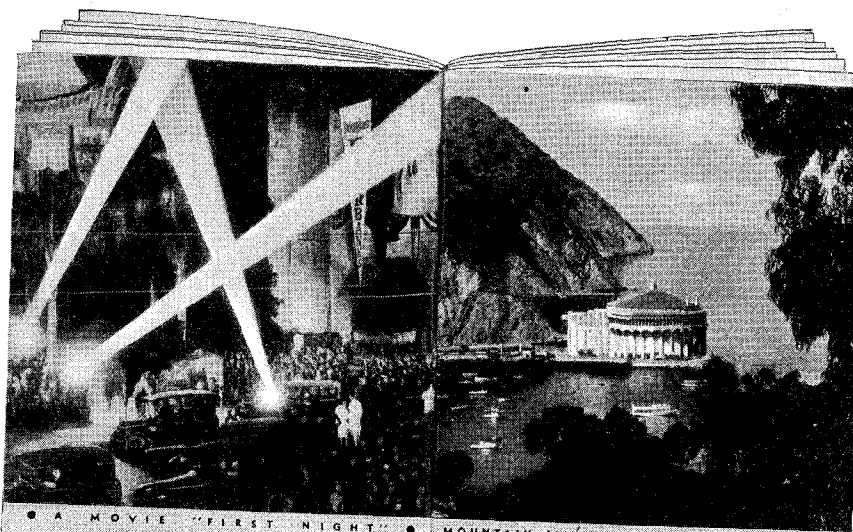
Great credit for his rise to fame in the bridge world is given to Mrs. Culbertson. Her husband thinks highly of women as players, especially his wife. In fact:

He thinks that women, as a rule, are better contract players than men.

They are less conceited than men, less disposed "to draw upon those inner reservoirs of superiority which all men fancy they possess."

On the other hand, according to the master player, there is only one woman of ability great enough to deserve ranking among the first dozen or fifteen players.

That woman (you will have guessed) is Mrs. Culbertson. Thousands of years of frustration and of being relegated to the background is the reason, Ely Culbertson believes, that the feminine sex produces so few geniuses—so few great artists.



• A MOVIE "FIRST NIGHT" •

• MOUNTAIN ISLANDS RISING FROM THE SEA •

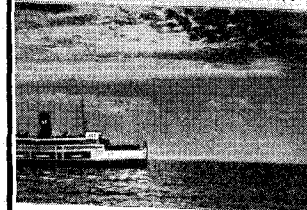
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Off to Catalina, a scenic mountain island rising from the sea. Gorgeous marine gardens... a paradise for fishermen of skill, patience and courageous heart. • Swordfish. Tuna... a land for play and for luxurious loafing. Your steamer sails from Los Angeles Harbor, home of the Pacific Battleship Fleet... and second port in the nation in volume of export tonnage. A two hour sail over waters of the blue Pacific, and... Avalon. • A visit to the Bird Farm with its nesting in a lovely canyon. • In the evening around Avalon Bay takes you into picturesque where myriad flying fish flash like silver across the path of a powerful searchlight.

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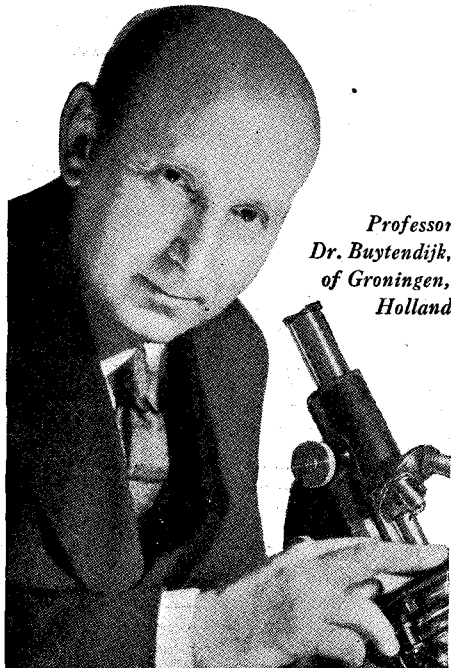
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Hard-Hitting Helen of Hewlett



Professor
Dr. Buytendijk,
of Groningen,
Holland

'If you're feeling RUN-DOWN ...eat Yeast'

advises this noted doctor

SO many of us are sluggish, irritable, "run-down" . . . when we could so easily be really "peppy" and well!

For example . . .

"When the appetite is poor —when there is a feeling of weakness and irritability, I prescribe fresh yeast."

There are the words of a really distinguished medical expert, Dr. F. J. J. Buytendijk, head of the famous Physiological University Institute, Groningen, Holland.

He adds:—

"Fresh yeast keeps the intestinal and digestive tube clean . . . combats headaches, general fatigue and other symptoms of constipation."

Eaten regularly, three cakes a day, Fleischmann's Yeast "tones up" your digestive tract . . . fosters normal elimination. Thus poisons are checked, appetite responds, fresh new energy is yours!

Try eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! Directions are printed on the label.

"I was run-down," writes Miss Garnett Kendall, Dayton, O. "My doctor recommended yeast . . . After eating it my sluggishness left. I felt a new person."



Important



Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains.

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SHE is a "hitter"—Miss Helen Hicks of Hewlett, Long Island.

A hitter rather than a swinger, the golf experts assure us, as they analyze the methods by which this muscular, stockily-built girl of twenty dethroned Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare from her three-years' uninterrupted reign over women's golf in this country.

At the end of the thirty-six-hole final over the course of the Country Club of Buffalo, Mrs. Vare had gone down to defeat by 2 and 1.

Writing in the New York *World-Telegram* of our new "Queen of Clubs," Lawrence Robinson explains why Helen Hicks is a hitter instead of a swinger:

She puts power into her strokes and appears to concentrate on proper behavior at impact, rather than the sweeping swing that presupposes control.

Helen now rates as the longest wood-shot woman player in the country.

Her irons are firm, low-trajectory shots, lacking somewhat in control at the finish, but for the most part well directed.

Helen has a wide shoulder swing with a graceful arm and hip action. Her putting is not exceptional, yet she does not often three-put.

Her greatest weakness always has been her short shots to the green, either chips or runs, and she still manifests an inherent dislike for this particular stroke. But she has worked on it in practise until she has mastered the essentials.

Helen is the robust, full-bodied type of youngster, with a great deal of muscular strength and physical stamina. She loves golf and adulation, and will never quit the former as long as she can get the latter.

GEORGE T. HAMMOND of the New York *Sun* names Gene Sarazen as authority for the statement that Helen Hicks "can match the best of the men in length of drives and second shots, and her short game is improving daily." Mr. Hammond summarizes this Hewlett girl's swift and spectacular rise to the pinnacle of golf fame:

With the exception of Miss Joyce Wethered, the invincible British stylist, Miss Hicks has conquered every woman of importance in the golf realm, and tho she cut down her tournament schedule this summer by remaining out of many of the invitation affairs which make competition continuous throughout the summer for many of the leading players, she has always

been in the battle when it was logical for her to be entered.

She now holds the National, Metropolitan, Eastern, and New York State championships.

The New York State was the only one that she had in her possession before she started the 1931 coup, but that does not mean that this year marks her emergence as a top-flight winner.

In 1929 she won the first Western open derby, a medal-play tournament in which participated many of the best players, and she took the Canadian crown, beating Miss Collett on the way to the final. Miss Collett made her return to competition that year in this affair, a prelude to the national at Oakland Hills.

With her youth, strength, and still developing game, Miss Hicks may be the one to succeed where Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare failed.

She has shown very little regard for jinxes. While her game can not be said to be as consistent as Mrs. Vare's, who won the national crown five times, it should be remembered that Miss Hicks is just on the threshold of her career. She's only twenty years old, and already more used to laurels than was the Rhode Island girl at the same stage of her career.



Wide World

Good Wallops Rewarded

THE ease and power with which she can hit a golf-ball, Lincoln A. Werden points out in the New York *Times*, won for Miss Hicks two of the last four holes of the match with Glenna Collett Vare. These gave her a valuable margin of victory, and completed one of the most spectacular records in the game. "She is one of the greatest shot makers in the game." Mr. Werden thus depicts the climax of that contest:

Every championship has its miraculous shots, its pulsating moments, and its touches of drama, but Miss Hicks merged them all in one as she pitched her shot to the green at the thirty-third hole. One up by virtue of a birdie 4 at the thirty-second, she now had the lead once more, just as she had it six holes previously.

Mrs. Vare had driven into the rough on the thirty-third, and had reached the edge of the green on her third. The iron shot Miss Hicks played for her second went wide of its mark and nestled in the rough close to a tree to the right of the green-guarding bunker. Surveying the line carefully, Miss Hicks realized she had scant space in which to play the shot and prevent her club from hitting the tree back of her.

Moving slightly ahead of the ball, Helen

came back easily with her niblick and pitched the ball eight feet beyond the pin. Mrs. Vare missed the cup on her putt. Then Miss Hicks rolled hers in for a 4 to be 2 up, and practically clinched the match. After that Mrs. Vare's efforts were hopeless.

IN a character-sketch of this happy-go-lucky "Helen of Hewlett," as Miss Hicks is nicknamed in the sports columns, the *Times* expert informs his readers that she had been a No. 2 player on the Lawrence High School golf team, and topped her first important tournament year by capturing the Canadian championship in 1929, after scoring in Bermuda and Florida. Mr. Werden adds:

As long a hitter from the tee as there is in the women's ranks to-day, and a splendid iron player, as she proved in her matches during the past week, she gains the benefit of every ounce of power she places in her strokes.

It was the extra yardage on her drives and long irons on the last day that helped her beat Mrs. Vare, and it will be this advantage that should keep her at the top of the golf world.

Her rise has been so rapid that it scarcely seems any time since she won the metropolitan junior girls' championship and was a star basket-ball player at Lawrence High School.

One day, however, in the spring of 1928, she dashed over to the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club at Glenhead, Long Island, and competed in the Long Island championship.

Her first-round opponent was Miss Marian Hollins, former metropolitan and national champion. No one thought much about the match then until Miss Hicks won by something like 3 and 2, and then some golf followers began to consider more seriously the youngster who had to dash back to a class at Lawrence High.

They learned that she had been playing golf three years, and had begun like many youngsters do.

Her father had been ill and was not allowed to exercise very strenuously, but when he went out to the Salisbury links one day Helen tried a few iron shots. Her brother Jarvis, who later won the Long Island junior championship, was already somewhat adept, and it wasn't long before Helen was thinking of tournaments herself. Under the guidance of Jack Mackie, the Inwood professional, she began to improve her game.

By the time the women's national was staged at Cherry Valley in 1927 Miss Hicks had made such rapid strides that she attempted to qualify, but failed by one stroke. Her short, back swing typified her style, but she gradually lengthened it.

In 1930 she went abroad with the American players to compete in the British championship, and bowed at Formby to Miss Enid Wilson by 5 and 4 in a match played in a driving rain. On last Friday she opposed Miss Wilson again, but it was at the Country Club of Buffalo, and the semifinal match resulted in a 2-and-1 victory for Miss Hicks.

Her present plans include a trip to England next year and a bid for the British title, but just now there is talk of her concentrating on horseback riding, motor-boating, and possibly a few sets of tennis.

Unless one observer is completely wrong, however, she will be piling her golf clubs into the new roadster within a few days and then—try to keep her off a golf course!

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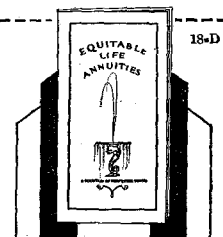
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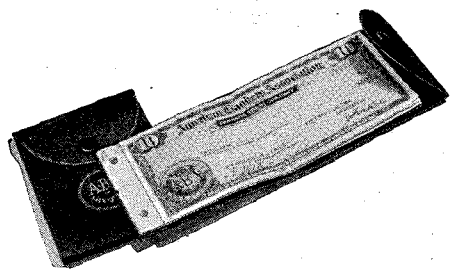


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Sir Thomas as Salesman and Sailsman

WEE Tammas seemed to absorb Scotch canniness with every breath he drew of Glasgow air. Running about his parents' tiny shop he noted a thing or two. He reflected and considered, and came to conclusions about mass psychology remarkable in a lad of only eight years.

"Let mother sell the eggs," he said in effect to his father. "Her hands are smaller than yours, and the eggs will look bigger to the customers if she handles them."

In short, a genius in the manipulation of public opinion, a master of publicity, a supersalesman.

And for this skill the late Sir Thomas Lipton was as famous as for his gallant but unsuccessful attempts to win the *America's Cup*. The last of these was only a little more than a year ago; and altho Sir Thomas lost as usual, American appreciation of the sportsmanship and cheerfulness which characterized his acceptance of the loss was so great that a cup was bought by popular subscription and presented to him.

For Americans of all classes accepted this Irish-born, Scotch-reared baronet as one of themselves. The story of his five *Shamrocks*, in building and racing which he spent, it is said, \$10,000,000, will never be forgotten as long as sport is loved.

The New York *Herald Tribune*, from which we gather the egg anecdote, related above, credits much of its anecdotal Lipton material to a series of autobiographical articles written by Sir Thomas for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Once, we read, he was voyaging to India when the ship on which he was a passenger was disabled. To lighten the vessel large numbers of boxes and crates had to be thrown overboard. Even this Sir Thomas was able to capitalize. He made arrangements to have the name of his product painted in large letters on each box and crate, and his fellow passengers had the treat of seeing a vast number of floating signboards bobbing around in the waves.

SIR THOMAS was never in the Corinthian sense a yachtsman. That is, according to William H. Taylor in *The Herald Tribune*, he never took the helm. But yachting was his main recreation during the last third of his life, and now that he is gone some are asking whether the race for the *America's Cup*, now in this country, will ever be sailed again. On this subject Mr. Taylor says:

Last year's series is recent history and every one remembers that he lost for a fifth time and threatened to try again. He would have tried again.

A challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron on behalf of Sir Thomas had been written and lay, probably, on Sir Thomas's desk when he died. Or perhaps it had been torn up before. He intended to send it in September, but the critical financial situation of his country during

the last few stormy months convinced him that the challenge should be delayed for a year at least, until things readjusted themselves.

It would have looked odd, with Britain calling for hundreds of millions of dollars in loans, for a Briton to challenge this country to a million-dollar yacht race.

Now, with Sir Thomas gone and his burning desire to win the *America's Cup*



International

Also He Was a Baseball Fan

And a playmate with the players, as may be seen by the cap.

reduced to ashes, it may be a long time before there is another race for the oldest and most famous of international yachting trophies. So long has Sir Thomas been identified with challenges for the *America's Cup* that it has become, to the public mind, a trophy to be raced for between Sir Thomas and the New York Yacht Club, instead of between the New York Yacht Club and all the other yachting countries of the world.

The probability is that, when there is another challenge for the *America's Cup*, it will come from the Royal Yacht Squadron, from which the *America* originally won the trophy in 1851. Sir Thomas's five challenges came through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. His sixth would have come through the Royal Yacht Squadron, for Sir Thomas was admitted to membership in that exclusive organization a few months ago—a most unusual honor to be conferred on a "tradesman."

BORN in Glasgow of Irish parents, in 1850, Sir Thomas at an early age, "went to work shining windows for half a crown a week." And *The Herald Tribune* tells us further:

From this he obtained a permanent position with one of the largest firms of shirtmakers in Glasgow, cutting samples which he gummed in the salesmen's books. He was not satisfied with the pay, however, and asked for an increase. Scribbled on a piece of paper, he was sent at once this note:

"You are getting as much as you are worth, and you are in a devil of a hurry asking for more money."

Tom Lipton was dissatisfied at his failure to receive a greater salary.

"I was never happier," he wrote, "than

when in the atmosphere of ships, sailors, boats, and the waterside generally, so when I heard there was an opening for cabin boy on one of the Burns liners plying regularly between the Broomielaw and Belfast, I rushed to apply."

He got the job at a salary of eight shillings a week and keep, "a millionaire's rise."

FROM sailors the youth heard glowing tales of the new world, and decided to investigate for himself. He set sail for America and landed at Castle Garden, New York. His wits were ready for instant use, and he found instant use for them. Reading on:

Seeing an Irishman boarding-house keeper on the dock, he inquired how much would he charge him for board if he brought him a dozen guests from the ship.

The Irishman replied immediately that he would board him free, and the bargain was made. Young Lipton rallied the steerage and with his even dozen companions lived his first nights in New York with Mike McCauligan at 27½ Washington Street.

Through an employment agency he got work on a plantation in Dinwiddie County, Virginia. The days were long, the work hard, but young Lipton enjoyed his time there, he declared afterward.

Restless, he journeyed again to New York, sailed south to work on a rice plantation on the Edisto River in South Carolina, between Charleston and Savannah. Here he lived in a hut with a Spaniard and his Irish wife. Lipton attempted to smuggle a letter from his host to a girl the latter had met in Charleston, but the Spaniard's wife unfortunately found the letter in his pocket.

Angered, the Spaniard thought young Lipton had betrayed him, and drawing out a long knife, slashed him.

"Only my agility and fleetness of foot," declared Sir Thomas in later years, "saved me from being murdered."

He stayed on for nearly a year after that as bookkeeper to the plantation, then growing restless once more, slipped away to Charleston on a schooner.

BUT after a time he had his fill of adventure and idea-chasing in America. He longed for his old home, and decided to return to it. Moreover, he felt that he must take his mother a gift on his return from the fabulous America, so he picked her out the two bulkiest things he could think of—a barrel of flour and a rocking-chair. Which led to this prank:

Instead of rushing home from the dock in Glasgow, he hired a carriage, placed the barrel and chair on its top, and ordered the cabby to drive slowly through the town while he waved pompously to every acquaintance among the passers-by. Sir Thomas said his return was a sensation.

Now he began talking to his parents about business, the story runs on:

"Look here," he declared, "what's the use of money lying in the bank? It is doing no good there. Why not let me open a shop and let me start trading on my own account. Money makes money only if used properly. We are doing as well in the Crown Street shop which we have always owned as we can ever hope to. If I can open another shop I could double the profits."

Father and Mother Lipton, however, were too conservative. They were astonished, so Thomas went out, bought a lot of hams from a ship, damaged by storm, and later sold his purchases at a profit of eighteen pounds.

He opened a shop of his own, his first, on Stobcross Street, Glasgow, purchased a smart van with his name painted on both sides, and on his twenty-first birthday started in business. So elated was this young man that he told his mother the time might still come when there would be a branch in every town in Scotland. He paid careful attention to his stock, and his prices, he said, "were astonishing."

"Indeed, when it became known that I was offering good ham at five pence a pound, opponents hurried along to learn who was undercutting them so drastically. The first day's profits was two pounds six shillings, considerably more than had ever been made in the wee shop in Crown Street in a day."

The youth wore white overalls and an apron, and when no customers were about went outside and polished the window, a chance which he utilized by speaking cheerily to every housewife who passed by. "When night came I did not spare the gas, and my small shop flashed like a beacon to all and sundry in the long street. I worked early and late. I was manager, buyer, cashier, and message boy all in one. I lived solely for my little business."

"Naturally," said Sir Thomas, "I did not hide my light under a bushel," and of advertising, he made the statement, "Altho hard work was undoubtedly a big factor in the building up of my business, I realized that it would have counted for little had I not grasped the power of advertising." His first venture was a handbill to housewives urging them to buy "his superb values at the lowest possible prices."

ANOTHER successful publicity feat is described thus:

He bought two pigs, scrubbed them and, decking them out in ribbons, sent a man driving them down the street. On their sides the pigs bore messages,

"We are going to Lipton's. The best shop in town for Irish bacon."

The two pigs stopt traffic in Glasgow.

Within six months Lipton built an addition. Soon he opened a second shop in High Street, Glasgow, and his great fortune was begun.

He continually increased his holdings. He bought plants in Berlin, opened confectionery shops in London, ginger-ale concerns in Ireland. In Chicago he operated his own slaughter-house, where more than 3,000 pigs were butchered a day. In 1898, when he converted his company into a limited liability corporation, his fortune had reached the \$50,000,000 figure. His motto to that time had been, "Never take a partner."

At the time of Queen Victoria's second jubilee Lipton made a donation, said to amount to \$1,000,000, to Her Majesty's favorite charity. In recognition of this he was knighted in 1898, and was created a baronet in 1902. It was said that the contribution was made at the suggestion of the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, at whose suggestion Lipton made his first challenge for the America's Cup in 1899.

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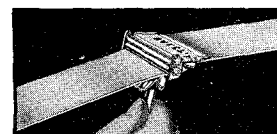


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Grizzly Bear Etiquette

AS intent as a sales manager in conference with his staff.

He can not be disturbed.

This is Bruin fishing in a mountain stream, says Courtland Holdom in *The Christian Science Monitor*. Kadiak and grizzly bears, he tells us, are no more dangerous than any high-powered, high-pressure executive. But—

"If one is persistent, and pushes boldly past the secretary—or the warning growl—he may in either case expect serious consequences."

William L. Finley of Jennings Lodge Oregon, has spent some thirty years of his life getting acquainted with bears and other wild animals with only a camera shoot at them. He claims that the hunter with a gun, going out only to make a killing, can never know wild life as it actually is.

Mr. Finley, who has caught Kadiaks and grizzlies as close as twenty feet, explained to the *Monitor* correspondent:

"It is generally believed that bears stand beside a stream and reach quickly down with a paw, like a cat, to swish a fish out upon the bank. Their actual methods are quite different. Again and again I saw them plunge with a great splash into some deep pool, where salmon were swarming, and drive the fish out into the shallows. Then they would scramble into the shallows themselves and quickly plant a paw upon a fish. Invariably they would then retire with their catch to a secluded nook in the brush for their banquet.

"It was interesting to observe the differences in method between the young bears and the veterans. The youngsters would frequently try to catch two or three fish which they had driven out into the shallows, while the old bears, taught by long experience, invariably kept their eyes upon a single fish, and as invariably caught him."

WHILE bears are not the vicious creatures they are sometimes pictured, Mr. Finley would not encourage familiarity with them. Especially is this true in national parks, says the *Monitor* writer, where bears have become accustomed to the proximity of men, and are not so inclined to flee from them. If treated with decent respect they are not to be feared. No animal of their size and strength should be approached flippantly.

Bruin demands the deference due to majesty. Mr. Finley thus corrects some current fallacies concerning the etiquette of meeting Bruin as a social equal:

The naturalist who wishes only to study and photograph bears learns vastly different things concerning these huge denizens of the backwoods. A bear is generally disinclined to "charge" a human being. He is, in fact, extremely desirous of avoiding human scent, and even the largest Kadiak bear—and he is the world's largest carnivore—will make off into the woods if the wind carries to him the message of a man's presence.

If he sees a man whom he does not smell, however, the average big bear will stand his ground.

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to all other creatures yielding at his approach. If he is busy—fishing, for instance—he may be observed quite openly.

But if his right of way is openly challenged, or one attempts to “shoo” him away, he will yield with the utmost reluctance, if at all.

But by nature he is not vicious. There are, however, many bears who have had sad experiences with humans, who have been hunted, and possibly shot, or have escaped with difficulty after being cornered; and these may bear a grudge against mankind. Being large and powerful animals, it is not beyond reason that they may now and then maul the injudicious hunter or camper who fails to recognize their dignity and give them a wide berth.

But the vicious “charge” of the bear, made famous by many a hunter and novelist, is largely fictitious. His own observations have brought to light several explanations of why a bear may run toward a man without any intention of injuring him.

“Oh, Pshaw, Quit Whistling!” Says Shaw (Not G. B.)

IS Santa Claus a moron? You’ll recall the old jingle which tells us that,

“He sprang to his sleigh, to his team
gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of
a thistle.”

And whistlers just now are all on edge on account of a “sparse, quick, elderly” gentleman who, according to the *New York World-Telegram*, “grins continually through his scrubby gray goatee,” says that they are morons, the victims of the dread inferiority complex. But let Santa take heart. He is in distinguished company. Such celebrated figures as Mussolini, Borah, Einstein, and many others, are known, from time to time, to purse their lips and emit more or less musical sounds.

The sparse, quick gentleman turns out to be Prof. Charles Gray Shaw, for a quarter-century or more a faculty member at New York University, and author of “The Road to Culture,” which has figured in the best-seller lists.

Dr. Shaw recently risked his popularity, you will recall, by saying in an interview in the *New York Times*:

“Whistling is an unmistakable sign of the moron. We might call it a part of his ‘defense mechanism.’ After he has set up his psychological barricade of sullenness, he sounds a note of war in his foolish whistling. He resolves not to care. He’s right and the world wrong.

“No great or successful man ever whistles. Can you think of Einstein or Mussolini tuning up to ‘Just One More Chance’? Can you think of President Hoover whistling? Some of his critics may think that the time has come for him to brace himself by puckering up his lips for ‘Yankee Doodle,’ but the strength of the Hoover mind and will is such that there will be no whistling in the White House.

“No, it’s only the inferior and maladjusted individual who ever seeks emotional relief in such a birdlike act as that of whistling.”

After that, a subsequent *Times* article continues the story, “deluged by mail and perturbed by the incessant whistling of students who paraded up and down the corridor adjoining his office, Dr. Shaw, turned a tired face to an interviewer and declared that he wished to modify his statement.” And he modified it thus:

Dr. Shaw asserted that “whistling with the throat is often done by intelligent people.” The type of whistling to which he said he objected was the one obtained by the “puckering of the lips.” “The puckering of the lips is merely a hangover from childhood days,” he said.

“Whistling from the throat is indicative of the intelligent person, while whistling with the lips is significant of the moron,” Dr. Shaw continued. “Musicians usually whistle, but they do it by using their throats.”

But while Dr. Shaw was saying all these things, the whistlers and their friends were not silent.

The Doctor’s telephone rang constantly. His mail grew to alarming proportions. His brother professors in near-by institutions of learning made critical remarks.

In his “The Conning Tower,” in *The Herald Tribune*, F. P. A. observed:

It is unlikely that Professor Shaw can be related to the greatest of professional whistlers—Alice Shaw, who used to be on the big time in vaudeville. To our mind, Mrs. Shaw was one of those too-good whistlers; she trilled too much, and she imitated whippoorwills and put too many variations in “Listen to the Mocking Bird.”

DR. SHAW’S inability to picture President Hoover, Premier Mussolini, and Professor Einstein whistling was challenged by many. The United Press investigated and reported that the late President Roosevelt, Colonel Lindbergh, Mayor James J. Walker of New York, Henry Ford, Senator Watson, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., all whistled at one time or another.

In Rome and Chicago the Associated Press busied itself and reported that Mussolini and Senator Borah are in the ranks of whistlers.

Louis Burt wrote to *The Herald Tribune* to report the whistling of the late George Bellows, one of America’s great artists, and to add that he has “seen photographic shots of ex-President Woodrow Wilson which showed very clearly that an occasional whistling exercise proved a desirable sedative.” In the same journal H. L. Davisson lined the late Dr. Steinmetz with the whistlers. And in *The Times*, Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor, did the same for Einstein, the late Augustus St. Gaudens, and others.

President Hoover, indeed, is the only one of the great cited by the professor about whom there is no such evidence. But then, as Sidney Scharlin, a former New York Assemblyman, said to a New York *American* reporter, “What has Hoover got to whistle about?”

The “Sound of the Aurora”

MANY persons have reported that they have heard a faint hissing or “swishing” sound during an auroral display. Scientific observers have never believed that the aurora makes a noise, however slight, but they have had no explanation to offer of the “swishing.”

But according to a Norwegian expert, who writes to *Nature* (London), the sound is caused by the falling of minute ice-crystals due to the freezing of the moisture in the observer’s breath.

The writer, H. U. Sverdrup, of Bergen, Norway, calls attention to the fact that this explanation has already been offered by the explorer Roald Amundsen, in his book, “The South Pole,” but apparently it has escaped the notice of scientists. We read:

It can not be doubted that many persons have heard a distinct sound when watching a brilliant display of aurora.

Naturally, they have connected the two phenomena and have assumed that the sound was emitted by the aurora. Communications regarding the auroral sound appear now and then, and recently Mr. J. H. Johnsen has collected a great number of reports on the auroral sound in his pamphlet, “Concerning the Aurora Borealis.”

Examining these reports, one finds that the auroral sound, with few exceptions, is described as a weak but distinct swishing or hissing sound which is heard during auroral displays on calm nights and at low-air temperatures. I wish to emphasize the fact that the air temperature, in the cases in which it is stated, ranges between -35 degrees Fahrenheit and -50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Very few investigators of the aurora admit that the sounds which have been heard can be ascribed to the aurora, but a satisfactory explanation of the observations is not yet commonly known, in spite of the fact that such an explanation has been given by Roald Amundsen in his book “The South Pole.” Amundsen says, “The swishing aurora does not exist. What one hears is one’s own breath which freezes in the cold air.”

THE “swishing breath,” Mr. Sverdrup goes on to say, is a phenomenon well known to many arctic travelers and to natives, but it has not often been mentioned in scientific literature. J. v. Hann quotes observations of it from Siberia, and A. Wegener has discussed the phenomenon, which he has observed in Greenland at temperatures below -44 degrees Fahrenheit. To quote further:

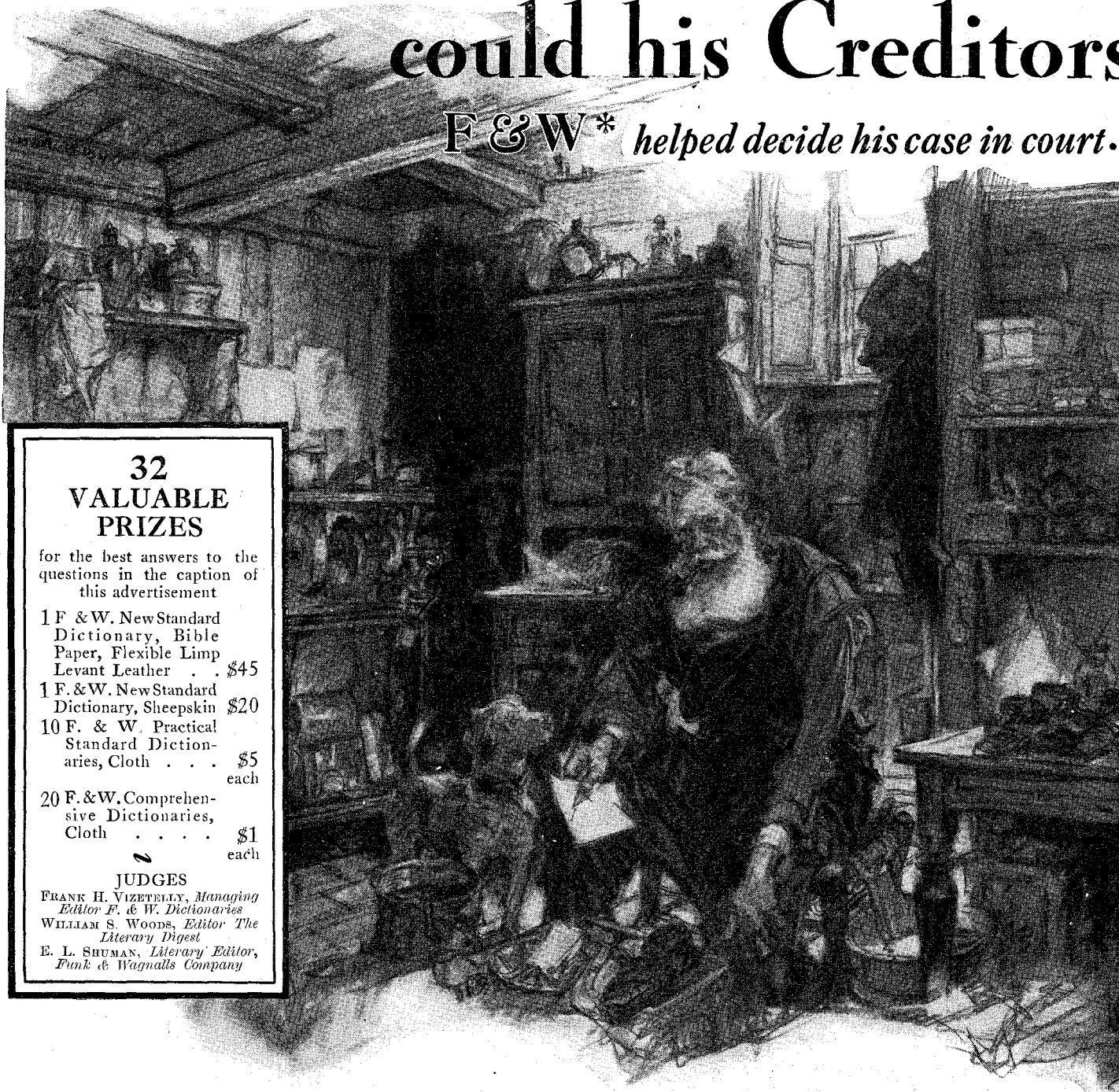
From my own experience, I can confirm that when the air temperature is below -40 degrees Fahrenheit and calm prevails, one hears a swishing or hissing sound when exhaling, possibly because the water vapor of the breath immediately condenses to ice-crystals which collide when falling to the ground.

The sound of the freezing breath is very distinct but weak, and is, therefore, heard only when the observer is standing still and listening intently.

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TAP! TAP! TAP! Year in. Year out. You could hear the shoemaker's hammer as he thriftily plied his trade. Then came hard times. His shoulders were bowed by debt. His finishing machine was seized by an impatient creditor and advertised for sale. The loss would cripple his business—perhaps wipe it out.

He took his case to the law. Pleaded that the machine was a tool of his trade and, therefore, exempt from seizure. But the creditors said it was more than a tool—it was an "apparatus" and, therefore, not to be classed as an essential.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Instalment-Buying in Good Times and Bad

A MORASS OF DEBT YAWNING to engulf a nation doomed to commercial destruction." Such an alarmist characterization of instalment-buying, said Dr. Julius Klein in a radio address not long ago, is quite beside the point. Indeed, on investigation he can find no new economic danger created by this new selling system, which has so flourished in our midst. And the Chicago *Evening Post* quotes Dr. Frank Parker of the Wharton School of Finance at Philadelphia as coming to the definite conclusion that "the use of consumer credit in its various forms has generated no sore spot on the body economic."

The use of the phrase "consumer credit," by the way, reminds us that instalment-selling is just one kind of consumer-financing. Dr. Franklin W. Ryan, of the University of Chicago is responsible for this widely circulated tabulation of "family-financing."

Class of Indebtedness	Total Amount Outstanding
Open-account debts	\$4,500,000,000
Instalment debts	2,500,000,000
Short-term cash credit	1,500,000,000
Life-insurance-policy loans	2,200,000,000

Total Current Family Debts \$10,700,000,000

Now it is possible that all this outstanding indebtedness "may have an extremely important influence on the length of the depression," suggests Isador Lubin in *The New Republic*. And he does not seem to be greatly impressed by the distinction between the various kinds of consumer credit. He thinks that many open-charge accounts have developed into nothing more than instalment accounts, and that many instalment debts have been paid by borrowings from other agencies. And so the instalment debt, instead of being really paid up, as its defenders assert, is being shifted from one set of institutions to another.

But people who think we can not recover from a depression like the present one until we have paid off our instalment debts, are asked by Milan V. Ayres, the Chicago economist, not to overlook two important facts:

The first is that the instalment debts existing at the end of 1929 were practically all paid off several months ago; the other is that we have now a new instalment debt, about 75 per cent. as great as that one was.

Furthermore, we have had an instalment debt somewhere in between these two figures all the time since 1923. It is not probable that our present instalment debt will decrease to a point substantially below where it now is at any time until we have fully recovered from the depression and are back once more in boom times.

We shall probably have continuously for a long time to come, an instalment debt ranging between two and three billions of dollars and fluctuating rather sluggishly between those limits in good times and in bad. The idea that it builds up to a peak and drops with a crash, like stock-market prices, is as far as possible from the truth.

WHAT conclusions, asks Mr. Ayres in an American Bankers Association article, may be drawn from our experience with instalment-buying now that it has gone through both boom and depression. He replies:

First, a depression does not result in an excessive volume of defaults or repossessions, and does not produce any appreciable amount of frozen credits in the instalment field.

Second, the soundness and liquidity of finance companies are not at all adversely affected by a depression, and as a consequence finance company paper is an exceptionally desirable asset for banks during a depression period.

Third, the volume of instalment-buying during a boom and during a depression varies in about the same proportion as the volume of all buying of the classes of goods which are commonly sold on instalments. In other words, the volume of instalment-selling increases during a boom and decreases during a depression, but these changes are a result and not a cause.

Fourth, the volume of instalment outstandings varies only moderately and slowly, and does not exhibit the violent movements that are characteristic of many of the common indexes of business during the oncoming of a depression period.

Fifth, there is no evidence that instalment-selling is an important factor either in bringing on a depression or in bringing a depression to an end.

STILL another statement of the case comes from a source directly concerned with instalment selling. In a recent issue of its periodical called *Credit Where Credit Is Due*, the Commercial Credit Companies of Baltimore, one of the largest finance companies in the country, sums up as follows the facts as seen from its point of view:



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A. E. Duncan

A pioneer in financing instalment buying. Chairman of the Board of Commercial Credit Companies.

1. The total volume of outstanding instalment paper to-day, for retail purchases, has recently been estimated by the U. S. Department of Commerce at approximately \$2,000,000,000.

2. The average number of payments due on outstanding instalment paper is approximately one-half the number called for by the average note as originally written. Thus the average retail automobile note of 1929 called for 9.3 payments, which means that on January 1, 1930, the average outstanding retail automobile note had, roughly, 4.65 months to run. The great bulk of 1929's automobile paper was, therefore, paid before June 1, 1930, and the percentage of 1929's instalment paper of every sort that was outstanding on January 1, 1931, was almost infinitesimal. The instalment paper now in process of liquidation is post-depression paper—not pre-depression paper.

3. The average retail instalment credit offering of a depression period is a better risk than that of a boom period. The buyer in a depression era shares the conservative psychology of the moment, and is a better calculator than the buyer of the boom era. In spite of unfavorable developments, therefore, his transaction tends to pay out quite as promptly, if not more promptly, than that of the buyer in prosperous times. Recent credit experience in well-regulated fields of retail instalment-selling has been very satisfactory, and losses have been moderate.

4. The assumption that this is the first great depression in which instalment-selling has been a factor is fallacious. There was much instalment paper outstanding in 1920, and its existence played no part whatever in prolonging that depression, so far as any demonstrable facts have been able to prove.

5. Throughout the current depression the percentage of instalment sales to total sales has maintained its normal ratio in spite of theorists' assertions that buying power would be so reduced by unpaid debts that the needful down payments for new instalment sales would not be forthcoming.

6. Considering this fact it is obvious that the instalment system has been doing its full part, during that period, toward sustaining business and minimizing unemployment, and that without its services America's annual retail volume would have been reduced by billions of dollars with a corresponding cut in her industrial pay-roll.

7. During the present depression only two small finance companies are known to have failed, some 2-1000th per cent of the total—an astoundingly small ratio compared to other industries.

8. No set of authentic figures produced during the past two years in relation to overdues and losses from open accounts and other forms of non-instalment credit indicate that the prompt payment of instalment obligations is being made at the expense of other creditors. The delinquency record in other fields of credit, as far as published figures indicate, has been quite as close to normal as that in the instalment field.

Ramblings of the Ruble

THE value of the Russian ruble hops here and there, at the will of the Soviet Government, not only with different times and occasions, but for different classes—"which makes it all but impossible," as a correspondent of the *London Times* points out, "for a visitor to compare the condition of the Russian workman with that of the workman in his own country." Of the peculiarities of Soviet currency, this correspondent goes on to say:

In the hotels and restaurants of Moscow foreign currency is in general use—its very real distinction from Soviet currency is evidenced by the fact that it is generally and collectively known as *valuta*, whereas the Soviet currency is only "money."

Rubles may also be used, with the proviso that their origin be declared and approved.

There are a dozen different kinds of ruble. There is, first, the ruble bought at the State Bank in Moscow or Leningrad at the rate of ten to the pound sterling, which is the official rate of exchange. [This was before England suspended the gold standard, and equals about fifty cents.] When this ruble is bought a receipt is given with it, detailing the date and nature of the transaction. If the receipt is produced whenever required the State Bank ruble is good for all purchases in hotels, shops, tourist offices, even in *Torgsin*—the shops closed to all but foreigners which nominally sell only for currency.

If the receipt is lost, and the holder of the ruble is a foreigner, the ruble descends at once into a second class, losing about nine-tenths of its value on the way.

MOREOVER, "the convention governing the rubles bought at the State Bank has a parallel in the convention governing the rubles paid in wages." We read further:

A "shock-worker" in an airplane factory may earn 250 rubles a month. An assistant in a cooperative store will earn 90.

The difference in wages seems large, but no larger than the difference between, say, the wages of a railway engine-driver and a farm laborer in England. In fact, the difference is enormous, because here again the value of the ruble changes, this time according to its ownership.

The "shock-worker" is privileged. If he asks for a permit to buy shoes for his son in a cooperative store, the chances are that he will be given it. He will thus be able to buy the shoes—tho perhaps after waiting six months for the next consignment of shoes to arrive—at a price bearing a reasonable relation to his income.

The shop assistant belongs to a less-favored class. The permit may be refused him, or he may have to wait longer for it.

In either case, since he can not let his child wait barefoot on official pleasure through a Moscow winter, he must go to the private traders, who somehow manage to obtain small quantities of most commodities. To them he must pay fantastic prices, ranging between six and twenty times the price charged in the cooperative stores.

And as the system of privilege extends, with gradations through different classes, to milk, meat, white bread, and almost every other primary commodity, it will be seen that the ratio between the wages of the "shock-worker" and the shop assistant may in effect be nearer 1 to 100 than the 1 to 3 which it appears to be.

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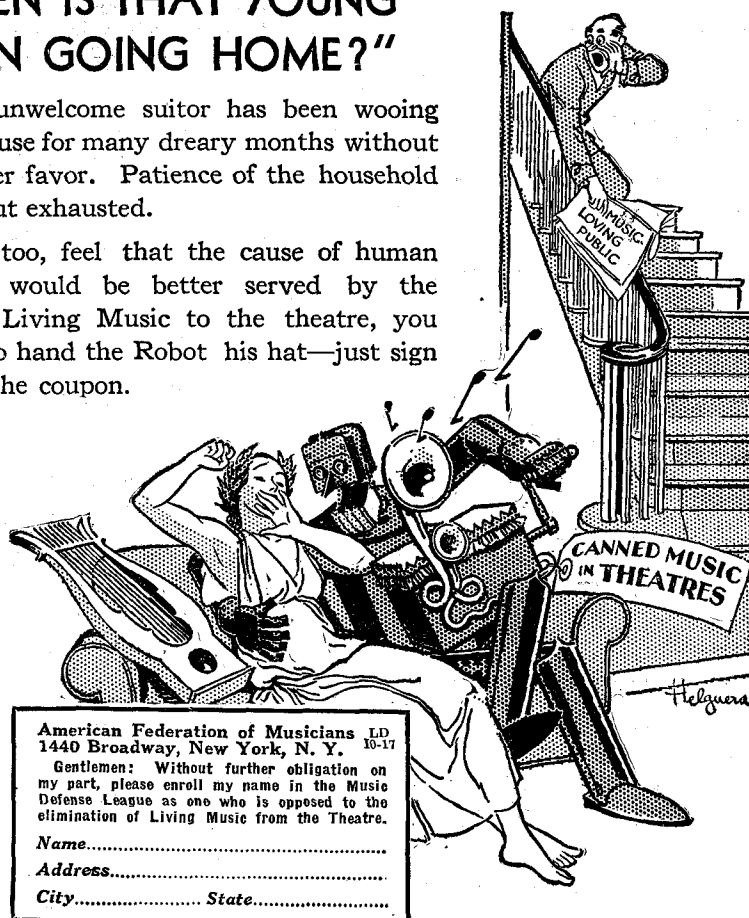


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What the Next Boom Will Be Like

AS a relief from all the talk of the depression, it is interesting to turn to "a prospectus of the next boom."

This refreshing discussion comes in a *Harper's* article by Elmer Davis, journalist and novelist, who thinks that while we may some time be able to level off the business curve so that there won't be these successive booms and depressions, we can expect at least one or two more of each.

The next boom, we are told, is going to be not unlike the one of 1916. Now our last boom, especially in its 1929 culminating phase, was a securities boom—the previous post-war boom had been a commodity boom. Let us notice how Mr. Davis reasons.

People bought cars and radios by the thousands in 1927 and 1928 and 1929, and even then they had money left. And what did they do with it? According to Mr. Davis, the reckless and dissolute wasted their surplus in riotous living or vain luxuries. But the more wise and prudent "bought common stocks, to participate in the future prosperity of the country."

And "where are those sage and prudent now?"

Flat on their backs, feeling sick at the stomach as they think of the summers in Paris and winters in Havana, the cabin cruisers and custom-built cars that they might have bought with the money that went into Radio or City Bank at 500. The reckless and dissolute are flat on their backs, too, but they had their fun while they could pay for it.

AND as the sage and prudent lie there "supine and exhausted," according to Mr. Davis, "they are highly resolved that that is one mistake they will never make again."

Just as the producer learned his lessons in 1920, the consumer learned his in 1929. He learned that the bankers and brokers who sold him securities didn't know what was coming any more than he did himself. He won't take their word again. Therefore, "in the next boom most people are going to buy something they can taste or wear or feel, or somehow use; something whose value can be tested by immediate experience."

It seems somewhat doubtful to Mr. Davis, "if there is any future ahead that will justify the purchase of most stocks at boom prices." That is, if we do achieve economic planning, profits, tho regular, will be moderate; if we don't, the bull market will just be succeeded by another smash. So, with smaller demand for stocks the next trade improvement will bring along a stock boom which will be only secondary, "not primary as in 1928 and 1929."

But what things will people want to buy?

Well, Mr. Davis argues that most booms primarily affect "10 or 20 per cent. of the people; with from 30 to 50 per cent. more

getting a little drip from the overflow." It is the 10 or 20 per cent. who do the big spending, and—

What they will want, when there is again a surplus over necessity, is not "securities" but luxuries.

People will buy cars; but Cadillacs rather than Chevrolets; Lincolns, not Fords. The jewelers will prosper, too, and the furriers; the woman who wanted a mink coat in the winter of 1928 and decided to make the Hudson seal last a year longer so that she could margin a little more on Goldman Sachs will never pass up a mink coat again.

And there are other satisfactions less palpable than material things—security, services, leisure. The people who "threw their money down the sink-hole of the 1929 stock market were aiming at security," but "their experience has somewhat discredited security as an investment in this regrettably insecure cosmos; next time, they will get what they can to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself."

And leisure is more popular, "now that so many people wonder what is the use of working so hard for your money when you will only lose it if you try to save it." Mr. Davis is willing to predict with confidence unheard-of prosperity for the travel business in all its branches:

Florida, California, Cuba, Europe will have more visitors than ever before; motor traffic at home will be limited only by the capacity of the roads, and the railroads will see their shrunken revenues swelling to something like the old figures. The parsimonious traveler, who used to sleep in an upper berth, will take a lower then, and the couple who were content with a section will take a drawing-room.

COMING back to 1916 again, Mr. Davis suggests that the boom of that year, far more than in 1919 or 1928, "was animated by an uneasy recklessness, a what-the-hell extravagance of pleasure." And—

Some such feeling may give an edge to the next boom.

There will be gaiety, then, in the next boom—but gaiety touched with hysteria; the shrill determined gaiety of people who do not know how long good times will last, or if they will ever come again. More than any boom of the past it will be right out on the surface where everybody can see it; money will be spent for consumption goods, not production goods.

This time, people will feel that what they have now is perhaps all there is ever going to be, and they had better get some use out of it. But the people who are not in on it may not feel as sure as most of them did, last time, that their turn is coming some day; conspicuous waste may annoy the man who is inconspicuously unemployed. And when the operation of our glorious system of unchecked individual enterprise brings inevitably another panic to end that last and liveliest boom—

Well, your guess is as good as mine of Julius Klein's.

But never mind the panic; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Think about the next boom instead, and plunge head first into it when it comes.

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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and.—“E. R. S.,” Waterloo, Ia.—The use of *and* in “He will try *and* do this,” is idiomatic and of very old standing. It dates from 1526 when Tyndale in his translation of the Bible (Acts xi. 4) wrote: “Peter began *and* expounded the thinge.” Milton in “Paradise Regained,” 1671, wrote: “At least to try *and* teach the erring soul.”

double possessive.—“G. F. S.,” New York City.—Dr. James C. Fernald in his “English Grammar Simplified” says: “Sometimes the form in *s* and the form with *of* are combined making a double possessive. Thus we say, ‘That check *of Thompson’s*’ where ‘That *Thompson’s* check’ would be awkward, and ‘That check *of Thompson’s*’ would seem rather flat. We prefer the possessive at the end of the phrase, even tho it combines two forms, and this mode of expression has become an accepted English idiom.”

e.—“W. S.,” Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the examples cited, the rule to follow is, when a root-word ending with an *e* takes a suffix beginning with a vowel, the final *e* is generally dropped; as *abate*, *abatable*; *amuse*, *amusing*; *love*, *lovable*.

expediate.—“L. P.,” Newark, N. J.—This is an obsolete form of *expede* which means: “1. (Scot.) To expedite. 2. Scots Law. To issue a writ and have it officially sealed and signed; as, to *expede* a writ.”

frieze; *moiré*.—“E. N. H.,” Cedar Rapids, Ia.—The correct pronunciation of the first word is *fri-zé* as in *police*. The word *moiré*, verb and adjective, is pronounced *mwa’ré*—a as in *artistic*, e as in *prey*. The noun *moire* (without the acute é) is pronounced *mwa*—a as in *art*.

Gandhi.—“F. W. J.,” Butte, Mont.—The pronunciation of *Gandhi* is *gan’di*—a as in *art*, i as in *police*.

in or on behalf.—“B. E. P.,” New York City.—Johnson in his “Alphabet of Rhetoric” says: “This word should be preceded by the preposition *in*, not by *on*. It is true that in the program of an important ceremony at one of our great universities, we were told who would speak ‘*on behalf* of the faculty,’ and who ‘*on behalf* of the undergraduates,’ and so on to the end. But in spite of the apparent authority of a great university, every announcement was wrong in this respect. The question may be tested easily by substituting synonyms or analogous expressions. We should not say, He argues *on* the interest of the faculty, or He speaks *on* the defense of the undergraduates, or He appears *on lieu* (or *on place*) of his brother. The president of another great university uses the correct term when he writes: ‘*In behalf* of Yale University I am giving myself the pleasure of sending felicitations to its oldest living graduate on the completion of his ninety-fourth year.’”

in so far as.—“B. W.,” Brooklyn, N. Y.—In this phrase the *in* is redundant. “So far as” is complete in itself as an adverbial phrase, and expresses all that is meant. The incorrect phrase is probably modeled on “inasmuch as” which, however, is grammatically different, “much” being a noun and requiring the preposition to give it adverbial force (*in* such amount or measure as), while “far” is itself an adverb, needing no preposition.

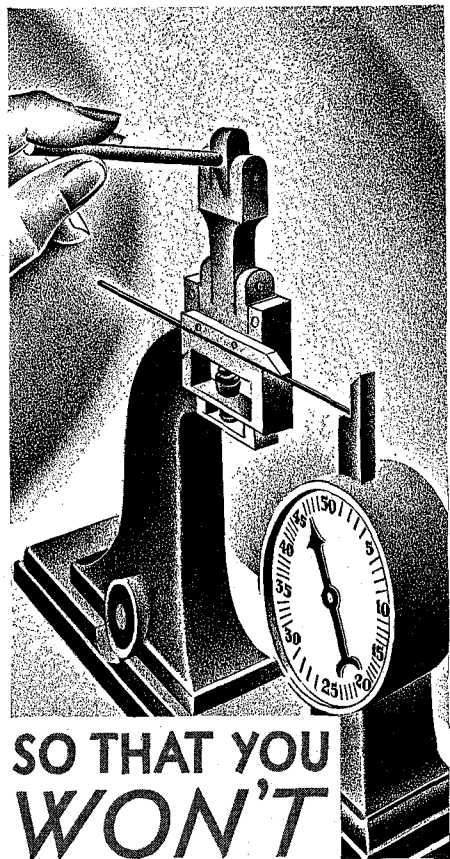
limerick.—“C. M. C.,” New York City.—A *limerick* is a nonsense verse of five anapestic lines, of which the first, second, and fifth lines are three-stress and rime, and the third and fourth are two stress and rime. *Limericks* were usually extemporaneous compositions produced at convivial parties in Ireland by each individual in turn, while the entire party joined in singing a chorus in which were the words, “Will you come up to *Limerick*?” from this it is supposed the name is derived. It is sometimes written with a capital initial letter.

notarize.—“V. H. F.,” Beverly Hills, Calif.—The use of this word is correct. It means: “1. To attest to, by a notary. 2. To submit, as documents, for notarization. 3. To swear to, before a notary; as, to *notarize* an income-tax declaration.”

selah.—“J. L. F.,” Grand Saline, Tex.—The term *selah* occurs frequently in the Psalms, and is found occasionally in Habakkuk. It is usually considered as a direction to singers or readers to lift up their voices at the close of a section. The word is pronounced *si’la*—i as in *police*, a as in *final*.

Stoke Poges.—“J. M.,” Philadelphia, Pa.—According to Cassell’s “Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland” this is the correct spelling. The pronunciation is *stok po’jis*—o’s as in *go*, i as in *habit*. The manor of *Stoke* derives its name of *Stoke Poges* from its heiress Amica (or Amice de Stoke) having married Robert Pogis, a knight of the shire in the 12th century.

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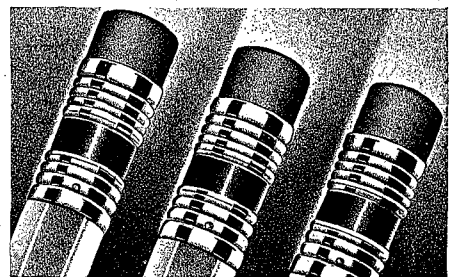
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"Yes, she hasn't changed it for ten years."—*Boston Transcript*.

Cosmetic Connoisseur.—"So you think Jack's a flirt."
"A flirt! Why, he can tell the owner of any lipstick in the tennis club by simply tasting it."—*The Humorist (London)*.

Deserves a Bouquet.—The absent-minded professor was busy in his study. "Have you seen this?" said his wife, entering. "There's a report in the paper of your death."
"Is that so?" returned the professor without looking up. "We must remember to send a wreath."—*Montreal Star*.

Common Lot.—"I want to know if I have grounds for a divorce?"
"Are you married?"
"Yes."
"Of course you have."
—*Everybody's Weekly (London)*.

When Nature Gets Gay.—Rastus and Liza visited the Central Park Zoo. Everything went well until they came to the zebras.

"What kind of an animal is dat?" demanded Liza, and for a moment Rastus was stopt dead, for he had never seen one either. But he remembered his Army days and answered after a moment's hesitation: "Why, Liza, dat am a sports model mule."—*Los Angeles Times*.

Knows Her Insects.—MR. J.—"My dear, this book is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

Mrs. J.—"A woman doesn't have to wade through four hundred pages to discover that!"—*The Outspan*.

Early Sowing.—"Too much time is wasted in the garden, and too much unnecessary work is done. Try and Americanize your methods and introduce hustle in your allotment. Don't put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

As the Gardening Talk by Mrs. Weeds came to an end, Jones switched off the wireless and thought hard.

Yes, she was right. Too much time was wasted in the garden and a lot of unnecessary work was done on the allotment. He would take her advice and get a hustle on.

So, with determination in his mind, Jones got up and went out into his garden.

Entering a shed where he was keeping some of his best peas for next year's seed, he collected these and threw them over the fence to his neighbor's fowls.

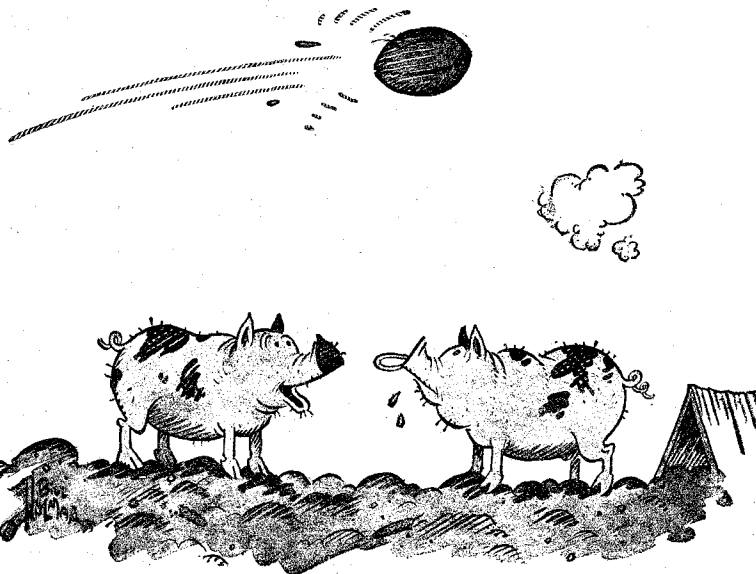
Jones had already started to save time and work!—*Passing Show (London)*.

Lucky Strike.—"Look here, Waiter, I just found a collar-button in my soup."
"Oh, thank you, sir. I have been looking all over for it."—*Pathfinder*.

Mingling Their Sighs.—BACHELOR (dreamily)—"Sometimes I yearn for the peace and comfort of married life."

MARRIED FRIEND—"Well, you have nothing on me."—*Boston Transcript*.

When Mercy Seasons Justice.—In a certain American prison, we are told, a convict is allowed to receive home-made cake from his wife. If the prisoner has a good conduct record, however, he is not forced to eat it.—*The Humorist (London)*.



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"Look! There goes Uncle Mac!!"

Don't Knock, Boost.—"I've never seen girls so utterly lacking in modesty as they are here, have you, John?"

"No. And the air's good, too!"—*The Humorist (London)*.

Authority Triumphant.—"Is your dog intelligent?"

"Very. When I say to him, 'Come here or don't come here, just as you please,' he comes or he doesn't come, as he pleases."—*Il Travaso (Rome)*.

Another Injustice to Women.—"I can't see why they have a man to steer from the rear of the fire department's ladder truck," said Mrs. Tellum.

"Well, it's a necessary thing, I suppose," replied Mrs. Backseat, "but I agree with you that it's not a man's work."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Taking a Big Chance.—A certain church in the vicinity of Boston was hearing candidates for the vacant position of basso in its choir. The first one who came sang, "Consider and hear me." The next appealed to a higher tribunal, for his selection was "Judge me, O God."

We can't help feeling that that would be a rather dangerous prayer for some singers whom we have heard.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Slips That Pass in the Night

Try This on Your Harmonium.—T. E. W.— will have charge of the obsequies, holding them under a water-faucet.—*Winter Haven (Fla.) paper*.

Turning the Tables.

Hoss Backs Plan to Develop Higher Class of Driver
—*Morning Oregonian*.

Of Chippendale Tables?—When he entered the Harding Cabinet Washington was treated to the sight of a small, delicate looking man, quiet in manner and clothes, reluctant to give interviews, fond of horseback riding and of small, delicately shaped legs.—*Pittsburgh Press*.

Inspiring Example.

He was united in marriage to Miss —, June 20. The deceased bore his affliction with patience and courage that was beautiful.—*Illinois paper*.

Good Magic.—Jeff Hinze made a business trip to Central City Friday. He returned with a new top on his car which was destroyed by fire some time ago.—*Albion (Neb.) paper*.

Making Justice Hot.

—A Jolly cab-driver was convicted Saturday of putting oil of mustard on the seat of a Yellow Cab in City Court.
—"Life."
—*Memphis Press-Scimitar*.

Making the Money Fly.

Governor to Name Body to Spend \$20,000,000 by To-morrow
—*Mount Vernon (N. Y.) paper*.

Shrinking in Modesty.—Dr. Edwin F. Carpenter of Steward Observatory, told members of the society that the universe grows steadily smaller as a result of recent research.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Odd? You Said It!

SOME ODDITIES

Here are some geographical oddities compiled by the National Geographic Society:

The city of Reno, Nevada, is 100 miles farther west than Los Angeles.

Jacksonville, Florida, is farther west than Cleveland, Ohio.

One travels south from Detroit to reach the nearest part of Canada.

At Panama the sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic—due to a gigantic bend in the isthmus.

The city of New York lies west of the Pacific—at least that part of the Pacific that touches Africa, in Chile.—*Atlanta Chamber of Commerce periodical*.